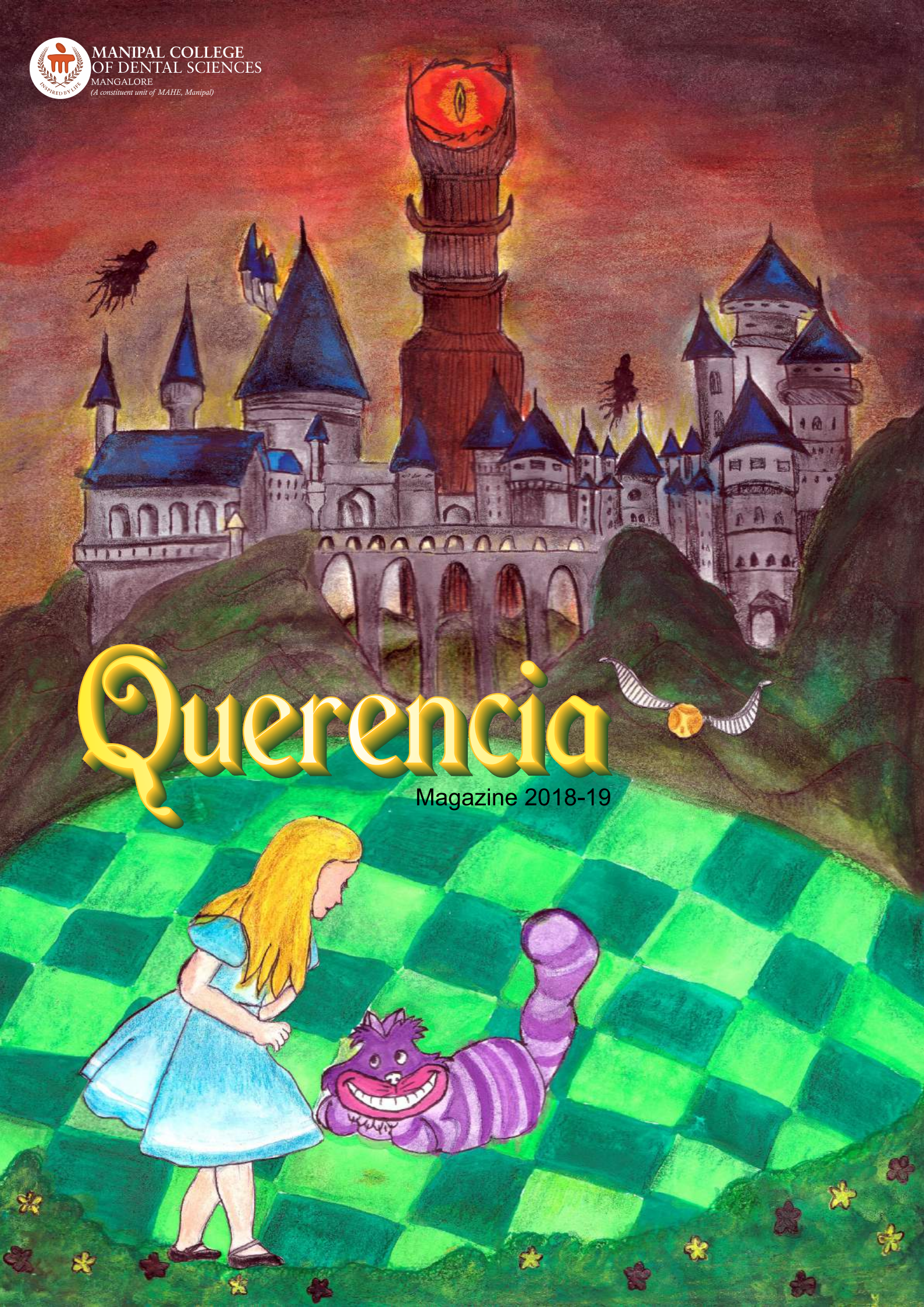
MANIPAL COLLEGE
OF DENTAL SCIENCES
MANGALORE
(A constituent unit of MAHE, Manipal)



Querencia

Magazine 2018-19

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Art by
Siddharth Maitra
Aradhya Sinha

Message

A college magazine is a work representative of the working environment and culture of a college. It gives staff and students an outlet to exhibit their literary skills.
In the years to come today's students will read this magazine and bask in nostalgia. Therefore it is indeed an essential repository of their time spent in this dental school.
I would like to congratulate the editorial team for the effort they have put in. Their work is indeed a service to their batchmates and the college.
I wish the staff and students of the MCODS, Mangalore all success and happiness.

DR. V. SURENDRA SHETTY
Pro Vice Chancellor
M A N I P A L
Academy of Higher Education(MAHE)
Mangalore Campus

Message

College life provides vast opportunities to the students to know about the larger world outside their classrooms with the intermingling of students from different regions, cultures and languages. With the faculty eager to provide the students with the knowledge much needed to shape their educational career, the students will be enabled to steer their professional future on the right lines. College magazines in this respect play an important role in projecting the student activities highlighted by their accomplishments. My greetings and best wishes for their bright future.

DR H. S. BALLAL
Pro Chancellor
Manipal University

From the Dean's Desk

DR. DILIP G. NAIK
Dean, MCODS
Mangalore

Sir, what are the new advances in dentistry in India and abroad that have caught your interest?

The latest and exciting fields of research are stem cells, nano technology, genetics. I am also excited with cutting edge gadgets and equipments that have entered the field such as the high end surgical microscope, CAD/CAM. We are shifting to virtual teaching, skills lab. We have acquired mannequins. We should have cavity cutting by lasers for pre-clinicals where we don't have to use burs. These are very exciting developments.

How do you think we can create more interest in dental health? Are there any new reforms in the field of dentistry that impressed you?

Reforms in Dental Health should be a part of Public Health Dentistry and requires creation of awareness in creative ways. We need to sensitize people for caries, periodontal diseases and the like. But, it should be evidence based. Only if we are able to prove the causes and harmful effects of the bacteria and microorganisms, we will be able to make the people believe and understand what is happening...because 'seeing is believing.' Simply explaining preventive measures will not help.

The dental health campaigns aired in cinema halls showing harmful effects of 'gutka' or even the statutory warnings on cigarettes are very effective and useful. It influences people and increases public awareness.

What are the research fields in dentistry that you are optimistic about and which would you like the younger generation to pursue?

The most exciting topic that is not adequately addressed is the subject of equipments and materials. These are still imported to India. All others fields are getting indigenous. In dentistry though, we pay heavily for these instruments, perhaps due to lesser volume and not much profitability. We should make cheaper instruments with good quality material using nano technology and other technological advances.

Since India has advanced so much in digitalization and use of technology, if there could be a production of cheaper instruments and good materials using nano technology it would be very useful in the field of dentistry. Our advancement in technology is not yet being applied in dentistry.

Therefore, I would encourage the younger generation to pursue their research in these fields.

Even though we have such a huge population and the requirement for special dental care at all stages in life is of such great importance, yet dental education is not given the respect it deserves. How can we change this perception?

The root cause of this is, excess of production. Therefore, there has been a dilution of standards. I believe for every four MBBS doctors there should be one BDS. That ratio should be maintained. Most of these students go to colleges or settle in urban areas. It is true that Dentistry was always given a step motherly treatment compared to medicine, but in the western world or anywhere else, since the standards have been maintained throughout...the same profession over there is considered as lucrative and is respected. The problem is that there should be more of awareness and less mass production of dentists but unfortunately the situation is the other way around in India.

What was your highest moment of happiness and achievement in your career?

I was given the challenge to start the Faculty of Dentistry at Melaka Manipal Medical College in Malaysia. I took it through all its stages right from inspections, securing permissions and procuring state of the art equipments. Many of those facilities have been introduced here too. Right from staffing and bringing up the college, I put my heart and soul into this project. I regard this as the highlight of my career.

Please tell us one unforgettable incident from your student years.

I don't remember much of it. I used to study in Manipal. In those days, since patients were less, we used to work on Sundays and took an off on Thursdays instead. But, since there were no generators and no electricity on Sunday we used to get an off on that day as well. So we received two holidays in a week!

Which is your favourite holiday destination?

I like Goa, when the climate is 'not warm' and Coorg when the climate is warm.

Who is the one person that has inspired you the most?

I was inspired by the politician and Prime Minister Atal Behari Vajpayee. He had a multifaceted personality. He was a good orator, he practiced what he preached. He was much loved universally, though he belonged to one political party. He was a very inspiring personality.

Please give your valuable advice and motivation to the young students who wish to make a career in this profession.

When you pass out you come from different backgrounds and you all have different aspirations. Never succumb to peer pressure. After BDS, if you want to do IAS, IPS, MBA, healthcare that's fine. If you want to do a certificate course and start a practice, that is fine too. If you have a passion for a particular subject you should go for it. You write the NEET exam and get a subject you don't like and study it for three years...after that, you will hate it even more. This causes frustration which should not happen. You should sit with a pen and paper and decide where you want to be in the next ten years. If it does not happen, then keep a plan B ready. If you missed the bus, then you must develop a passion for what you are doing. Money and fame is not the sole criterion. Personal satisfaction is necessary. You could be a researcher/ administrator/ academician...or you could shift to something else altogether. In western countries, people choose this field at the age of 22 when they are mature enough to make this decision. So consider this as your chance to go exactly for what you like.

In conversation with the Associate Dean's

DR. PREMALATHA K.
Associate Dean,
MCODS, Mangalore

Which research fields in dentistry are you optimistic about and which would you encourage the younger generation to pursue?
Research is necessary in two multifactorial matters of grave concern caused by host, agents and environmental factors...namely Dental Caries and Cancer. Research in this field has good scope. Despite abundant work and professional help these problems have not been tackled successfully. Vaccines have been introduced but are still under trial to be used safely on humans. Since we are unable to prevent these problems there is a need for more effective methods to eradicate them. Thus, personally I would encourage the younger generation to pursue research in these fields.

There is a feeling that dentistry in India has reached it's saturation point, do you feel the same? What reforms would you suggest to salvage this situation?
I agree that job avenues have shrunk especially academic positions in dental colleges. This does not mean that dentistry in India has reached its saturation point. There is still a very good scope for private practice. According to statistics, 95% of population suffer from gum diseases and only 2% of the population visits the dentists. Given this scenario, we have a greater responsiblity to educate the people and improve the quality of oral health. There are still fewer dentists compared to the number of patients in India. So, I feel you have chosen the right profession. There is a great scope to practice dentistry in our country and the world is filled with opportunities. It all depends on your skills, interests, your capability and determination.

What is your highest moment of happiness and achievement in your career?
There are many!
As a teacher, any achievement of my students brings happiness to me. As a surgeon, when I see a smile on my patient's face, it makes me happy. When I learnt that one of my patients in her late 40s got married after I corrected her cleft lip and palate, it gave me immense pleasure. Setting up of MaxFacs Skills Centre at MCODS Mangalore is one of my greatest achievements.

Which subjects/ practicals in the course of BDS, did you find most difficult in your years as a student?
I did not find any subject or practical difficult during the course of BDS. My favourite subjects were Anatomy and Maxillofacial surgery.

Please tell us how you remained motivated as a student to achieve your goals.
As I was very good at Anatomy, my professor motivated me to do MDS in Maxillofacial surgery. I could not think of doing MDS in any other subject. Therefore, since 1st BDS, my aim was to become a Maxillofacial surgeon. This is what kept me motivated to achieve my goals.

Please tell us one thing about yourself that no one knows about.
Even I don't know about it. I am not a very secretive person. I believe that my family and colleagues whom I am closely associated with, know everything about me.

What type of movies do you enjoy watching?
Patriotic and Family Movies.

What message would you like to give to the students aspiring to be dentists?
Be human, Practice your profession ethically. Don't run after success. If you love what you are doing, success will follow you.
I strongly believe
Attitude
Skills
Knowledge ... are the keys to success.
Update your knowledge and skills regularly and have the right attitiude.
All the very best for your future endeavours.

Dr. Ashita Uppoor

Associate Dean,
MCODS, Mangalore

Ma'am, what are the new advances in dentistry in India and abroad that have caught your interest?

In the recent past, there have been several technological advances in the field of dentistry. There are 3 fields which have caught my attention Artificial Intelligence (AI), Robotic dentistry & 3-D printers. When we look at dentistry we see many predictive tasks where AI can assist with decision-making, improve productivity & manpower. It can integrate a patient's dental and medical history with radiographic images to assist with diagnosis and treatment planning. In fact, a French company has incorporated AI in a toothbrush, which will revolutionize plaque control regimen. An American company has already a robotic dentistry system approved by FDA. With 3- D printing technology, it is now possible to get an accurate 3-D model of the patients dentition that will lead to 3-D dental restoration with solutions totally customized to the patient. Concerning development of dentistry in India, we have a long way to go.

What are the research fields in dentistry that you are optimistic about and would like the younger generation to pursue?

Research ultimately forms the foundation of all development. In addition to pursuing research in the above fields, which I mentioned earlier, the present era is - "Omics". Genomics, Proteomics will continue to illuminate our understanding of craniofacial-oral-dental diseases and disorders as well as the oral microbiome. There is also some promising progress in stem cell research. Innovative bioengineering technologies & new ways of doing clinical research will take us light years from where we are today in our ability to repair damage caused by dental caries & periodontal diseases. Today we have a tool set that allows us to explore problems, which would not have been possible a few years ago. Hence, there has never been a better time for young dental professionals to be involved in oral health research.

What was your highest moment of happiness and achievement in your career and what was your moment of struggle and disappointment?

My greatest achievement would be when I was asked to be one of the adaptation editors for the South East Asian Adaptation of Carranza's Clinical Periodontology. This book is considered as the Bible in Periodontology, which I had read both as an Undergraduate & Postgraduate student. This was one of my research thrust areas is the oral systemic link. Incorporating oral systemic disease assessment & treatment requires a level of inter professional collaboration & education with other healthcare professionals, which regrettably I failed to implement so far.

Despite oral health care being a necessity, dental education is not given the respect it deserves. How can we change this perception?

There is a very evident gap between the oral and systemic branches of medicine, in terms of understanding. The two are extremely out of sync. Unless we make our medical counterparts more aware of the importance of oral health, this perception will not change. The oral health policy must be made more robust. Oral health is taking a back seat because it has never been integrated with systemic health. One way to do so would be to include dental health care in our Insurance policies as it is done in other countries. For this, we require the support of not only the dental and medical fraternity but also the government and the common folks.

If not dentistry, which profession would you have chosen?

I got into this stream by default, I would have gone for Medicine or Engineering as they were the preferred career choices during those days.

Do you think technology has made life easier or even more complicated?

I believe it can be both a boon and a bane. If harnessed well, it can be used as a tool but if it is overused, it can be a lethal weapon.

What type of movies do you enjoy watching?

I enjoy movies with a good sense of humour.

Is there any particular food you like or dislike?

I'm a foodie! I'm a Mumbaikar in the true sense who enjoys 'chat pata' street food. In addition to this, I also have a VERY sweet tooth.

What message would you like to give to the students aspiring to be dentists?

For aspiring students, it's a bent end and definitely not a smooth road but what you must remember is that there's a lot of scope for young dentists. Be passionate and make wise decisions about what you want in your future. Earlier, the only option was to work in clinics. Now the avenues have broadened - acknowledge that and take advantage of it. Practitioners often want to settle in urban areas, I would recommend you all to step out of your comfort zone keep your options open to practice in the rural areas. If you're interested in research, identify your thrust & you can pursue it as an alternative path in case you're not keen on clinical practice. But it requires a lot of patience, dedication and hard work. Do not shy away from it. I wish you all the very best.

From Staff Editor's Corner

Once again, that time of the year has arrived when the students of MCODS gear up for a week of leisure, relaxation and enjoyment. For some it's the time to leave the portals of the dental school to make a career and tread their chosen path and at this time what better way to treasure the memories of college than a students magazine.

After being associated with the magazines Montage, Thespian, Carnivalia, Concrescence...I was wondering to myself, what next?

With Akshara Modak, the student magazine editor.....and Kumar Yash as the Associate Magazine editor we had to come up with something compelling.

Akshara was the perfect choice as the magazine editor. She literally ensured every timeline was met and her hard work and dedication is clearly evident with the quality of the magazine. Her gentle demeanor provided the necessary calm during turbulent times.

Kumar Yash was very helpful and provided competent guidance with the technical aspects of our work.

We chose a unique theme for this year's edition of the magazine. We arrived at this idea after animated and zestful debates. This edition also carries short interviews with all the HODs and we thank each of them for their refreshing perspective and vision.

I am confident that the innovative and creative contributions from the staff members and students would exhilarate our readers and provide exciting fodder for the mind in keeping with the tradition of our esteemed college MCODS Mangalore.

The Dean's guidance was like a beacon of light (in our very own Lighthouse campus) helping us navigate through complicated situations.

His encouragement was truly inspirational.

Querencia is a refuge, a shelter, a sanctuary, a place where you snuggle into your comfort zone... A place that you call home. In the midst of curating material for our magazine, our editorial team with their inventiveness and ingenuity, without doubt zoned in on their 'Querencia'.

Here's presenting the latest edition of the students' magazine

Happy Reading!

Dr. Ravikiran Ongole

From the Editor's Diary

The theme of this year's magazine is lost cities and fictional places. The world is a scary place full of delusion and illusion. The millennial generation including many students belonging to our college have travelled miles away from their homes and settled in Mangalore, a new and strange place.

It is natural that many of us may feel like we're alone and lost at times, longing to give up. It's ironic how a place can be familiar yet so unfamiliar at the same time.

But in the midst of all this clamour and upheaval it is important to feel centered and preserve your sense of character. But how?

*To answer that question, I would like to introduce the name of the magazine - "**Querencia**"- a place of belonging where you feel safe and strong with your own authentic self.*

No matter how lost you may feel on some days... please know that there will always be one secure place that you can call "home."

For those who haven't found their "Querencia" yet... we hope you find it soon.

Hope you enjoy the magazine!

Akshara Modak

The Associate's Editorial

"We should all start to live before we get too old. Fear is stupid. So are regrets." – Marilyn Monroe.

Applying for & being a part of the Council was one such challenge that I accepted and overcame gracefully.

This year, being a part of the Student Council 2018-19 has made me evolve so much socially, academically and in my responsibilities as well. I was also able to realize how well I can handle any type of work given- whether it was organizing conferences, guiding juniors, designing a college magazine or so on. It has made me learn how to take a roller coaster life smoothly and with pride. Brainstorming innovative themes, ideas and culminating them into an abstract yet meaningful form is what I personally love doing, which is why I believe I had a great time this year working with the editorial team and my council as I was doing something I was passionate about. It was a wonderful realization of the immense talent that our institute is endowed with. Definitely, it took time. Making calls, actually running behind people took energy, patience and obviously a strong support system. Curating the magazine was surely an interesting experience for us and I placed my trust in the ones who believed in me: My family, friends, my supportive and co-operative Edboard team headed by Dr. Ravikiran Ongole, my beloved Council & the person who always had our backs, Dr. Mithun Pai. I would like to thank them all. Like the mosaic pieced together we present to you our magazine.

There is no doubt that these pages would bind us together and would preserve our cherished memories which would remain as a source of deep nostalgia down memory lane. I invite the readers to unlock, explore and enjoy the magazine. Happy Reading! Here's me signing off!

Kumar Yash

Council Diaries

Dr. Mithun Pai
Dept. of Public Health Dentistry
Cultural Co-ordinator
MCODS, Mangalore

Dear Mithun Sir,
When we joined the council for the first time, we were already a month late and were absolutely clueless. That was one of the million times you have provided us with your guidance.
You were the one teacher that cleared all of our doubts related to extra curricular and anything else, whether it was the silliest doubt in the world or it was past midnight...no matter how busy you were.
Sir, you provided us with valuable life lessons whether it was in the form of an inspirational quote on WhatsApp or by merely communicating with us in our meetings. You forgave us and gave us another chance.
Thank you for always motivating us when we needed a push and correcting us when we were making mistakes or going on the wrong path. Thank you for teaching us to be realistic and practical. You also taught us to put our egos aside and work hard together as a team. That is the key to success.
We are grateful for having your selfless mentorship. We will try our best to follow your directions and live up to your expectations.

Yours sincerely,
D.S.A.
2018-19

Dear Mranali Ma'am
We extend our gratitude to our Sports Advisor for her support and encouragement.

"Best wishes to the Editorial Team"

- Dr. Mranali Shetty
Dept. of Public Health Dentistry
Sports Advisor
MCODS, Mangalore

Dental Students Association

2018-19

Saisaumya Tiwari
President
DSA 2018-19

Words fall short for me to express my gratitude for having the opportunity to serve as President for the student council of the college .

Every day is a new occasion to learn more , do more and become more . The sailing has not always been smooth ; there have been days when limits have been tested , and tears have been shed. But regardless of everything , I have seen us pull through the mist , only to come out stronger , a little wiser , and above everything , grow as a family ! That being said , I will be ever grateful to Dr. Mithun Pai , not only for his guidance , but his constant encouragement to drive us to set the bar higher .

This journey has been nothing short of exhilarating , and I am blessed to have gotten to undertake it with my fellow council members . After all that has been , and all that will be , I only wish for us to achieve everything that our college expects us to , and more . Because at the end of the day , there is no greater satisfaction than to be known as a council member of the MCODS family who did the job well !

I am extremely honoured to be given a chance to express my thoughts as the General Secretary of Dental Students Association 2018-19..It was truly an amazing experience from the start of our tenure itself. Working with 7 other different people with different ideas and minds and compiling those ideas into comprehensible and amazing products was truly an experience which helped moulding me into a better person who can be an efficient part of the society.From Inter MAHE Badminton till the end ofDental week, it has been a roller coaster of events and I am very lucky to have got a chance to work under the guidance of our Cultural Coordinator Dr.MithunPai and work with my fellow council members.This year, being a part of the Dental Students Association helped me alearn a lot of new things like managing people and things and how to efficiently manage time so that I was not lagging behind any thing like academics or clinical work.Sometimes, it was very exhausting to manage all that work and studies together but these are memories that I will cherish forever and im extremely grateful that the college authorities have given me achance to work as the general secretary for this prestigious institution.

Thank You

Vedant Sreenivasan
General Secretary
DSA 2018-19

Tamanna Manoj Kumar
Treasurer
DSA 2018-19

What began as a panic attack whilst waiting for the interview, turned into an adventure so dynamic that it turned around my very idea of the College Council. The DSA is a seamless society that fosters the incubation of ideas and creativity. Any post is more than just a badge; it's an honour that I was bestowed with for which I am extremely thankful to the The Dean and the interviewing committee. Having all eyes on you and being the one who is expected to perform isn't always easy but the passion to work for my college; MCODS Manglore and the constant support from our cultural coordinator Dr. Mithun Pai drove me and helped me to emerge from my cocoon as a strong and rational leader. This experience made me understand the true vitality of esprit de corps. Personally, this year was a rollercoaster of sorts but together we've achieved all the milestones successfully. From attending unending meetings in the boardroom to attaching loose ends, from racing around to get the final approvals to quarreling for petty reasons, from being unsure of ourselves to emerging proud and victorious...we've done it all. I would like to thank my entire co-council for everything. So here's to DSA 18-19 so driven and whimsical that it made the skies bow down. Cheers!
Thank you!

The journey actually started during UTSAV 2018. That was the first time I wished to join DSA MCODS Mangalore. I always had an immense passion and fascination for sports and that's why I was very eager to work as a sports secretary for this prestigious institution. After I passed 2nd year university exam, the time gradually came to apply for the council and I did. After attending the interview I was not very sure of being selected by the respected interview board. Two days later, when the results came I had mixed feelings of happiness as well as a bit of consciousness of responsibility that the college had given me. I took the name of God and took the holy oath as the sports secretary of MCODS Mangalore on.....

Since then we have conducted several sports and cultural events which we still are doing together as a team. On some occasions, we experienced the joy of victory, and sometimes we shared the misery of losing. There were tough times as well as good times. We had conflicts amongst ourselves but we never broke. We are standing together and still fighting together. The journey hasn't come to an end yet. I would like to convey my sincere thanks to Dr. Mithun Pai, Dr Mranali Shetty, Dr. Karthik Shetty, Dr. Junaid Ahmed, The respected Dean and Associate Deans for their constant support in my learning curve. Their advice as well as passing admonishments had been the assets of life. I have taken those words to the bottom of my heart and each day that passes I am growing into a better human being.

Koustav Dhara
Sports Secretary
DSA 2018-19

Kaveesha Misra
Fine Arts Secretary
DSA 2018-19

My inclination to art and creativity made me take the decision to apply for the position of Cultural Secretary. When I earned a place in the council, it was an amazing feeling. This has been a great opportunity for me to bring the students and council together to create something unique and breathtaking. My colleagues have been tremendously supportive which helped us organise events successfully. I am grateful to the council for great teamwork and labour. Although it has been a huge responsibility to ideate, organise and execute multiple events across the academic year, it has been a fulfilling and an exciting experience.

In the month of October last year we were called for our council interview. I remember telling myself to just give my best shot and not worry about the outcome. But me being myself, had to worry. When the interview result list was announced, I was thrilled to be selected as the Editor of the College Magazine. It was almost like a dream come true. My inbox was flooded with messages wishing me well...There were new adventures coming our way. But I realised this was now a matter of great responsibility. The college had given us an immersive lesson in the nitty gritty of editing our prestigious student magazine. We would learn to co-ordinate with senior staff, my peers and juniors alike. I had the honour and privilege to interview the Dean, Associate Deans and HOD's and learn about their innate qualities and caring side of their personalities. I also had the opportunity to work with my editorial board and listen to their imaginative and innovative ideas for this year's magazine. Apart from this, as a council member there were so many late nights working in college. I am thankful to the entire council and Dr. Mithun Pai sir who guided us selflessly throughout our tenure. He taught us that team work is the key to success. I was forced to deep dive into learning life skills such as effective time Management. Overall it was truly an enriching experience. I'm grateful and blessed that I was fortunate enough to be given this opportunity. I will always cherish it.
Thank you!

Akshara Modak
Magazine Editor
DSA 2018-19

Kumar Yash
Associate Magazine Editor
DSA 2018-19

In the years ahead, as we journey through the profession of Dentistry, our stint in the Council will be forevermore etched into my memory. We have learnt to work together as a team, and together we are capable of putting up an event at any given moment, irrespective of the circumstances. I have realised the proper meaning of commonly used words such as teamwork, leadership, positive attitude & communication skills. Those intense memories of struggling & succeeding together, are the ones we will cherish forever. But ultimately, we step out of the council as thicker friends. Overall I have learnt a lot, especially the fact that there is always more to learn. We aren't professionals but we have tried sincerely to make this year's magazine something that we all can cherish and respect.As we head towards the magazine, I along with my Council of 2018-2019 wishes everyone an even bigger and better year.

It was all so unreal when the final list for DSA 2018-2019 came out. Never had I ever been so nervous for anything. Half of my mind was sure my name wouldn't be on the list and the other half wished for nothing else but to be in it. This past year has been something unexplainable. Council had a little bit of everything - but most of all it's helped me build on things I never thought was important for myself and grow as an individual. Going through the numerous meetings, organising various events and finally seeing it all coming through as planned made me feel a different kind of satisfaction. Teamwork was a key this year. And of course, Mithun sir, without whom I really don't know where we would be. Each and every detail of every event would always undergo the critical eye of sir and disaster management was one thing he has taught all of us well. The pressure of being the last Lady Representative of this college did get to me at times, because I was always out to do something different, but it always comes down to how much we are giving back to the society and doing justice to what I believed in. I'm glad that finally our college is putting away with this post and moving forward with something that is in with our times. I'm greatful to my fellow council members, because they always had my back and we were truly a team in all aspects. If I could ever go back in time and change everything I had, being in the council would be one thing that I would do again and again

Ayushma Chakravorty
Lady Representative
DSA 2018-2019

Utsav 2018

2019 SCORE 2.0

SPORTS DAY 2019

DENTAL WEEK 2019

ORROSTA 2019

Scholarly Musings

Short writings

People who make a difference

There are few people who come and go
In your life, knowingly or unknowingly
But some make, intentionally or unintentionally
Impact your life in such a way and walk away
Like the waves in the ocean
You know that the wave was there as your feet are wet
You know they were there, as your life has changed since
Until you wait for the return of the wave that once changed your life

Life

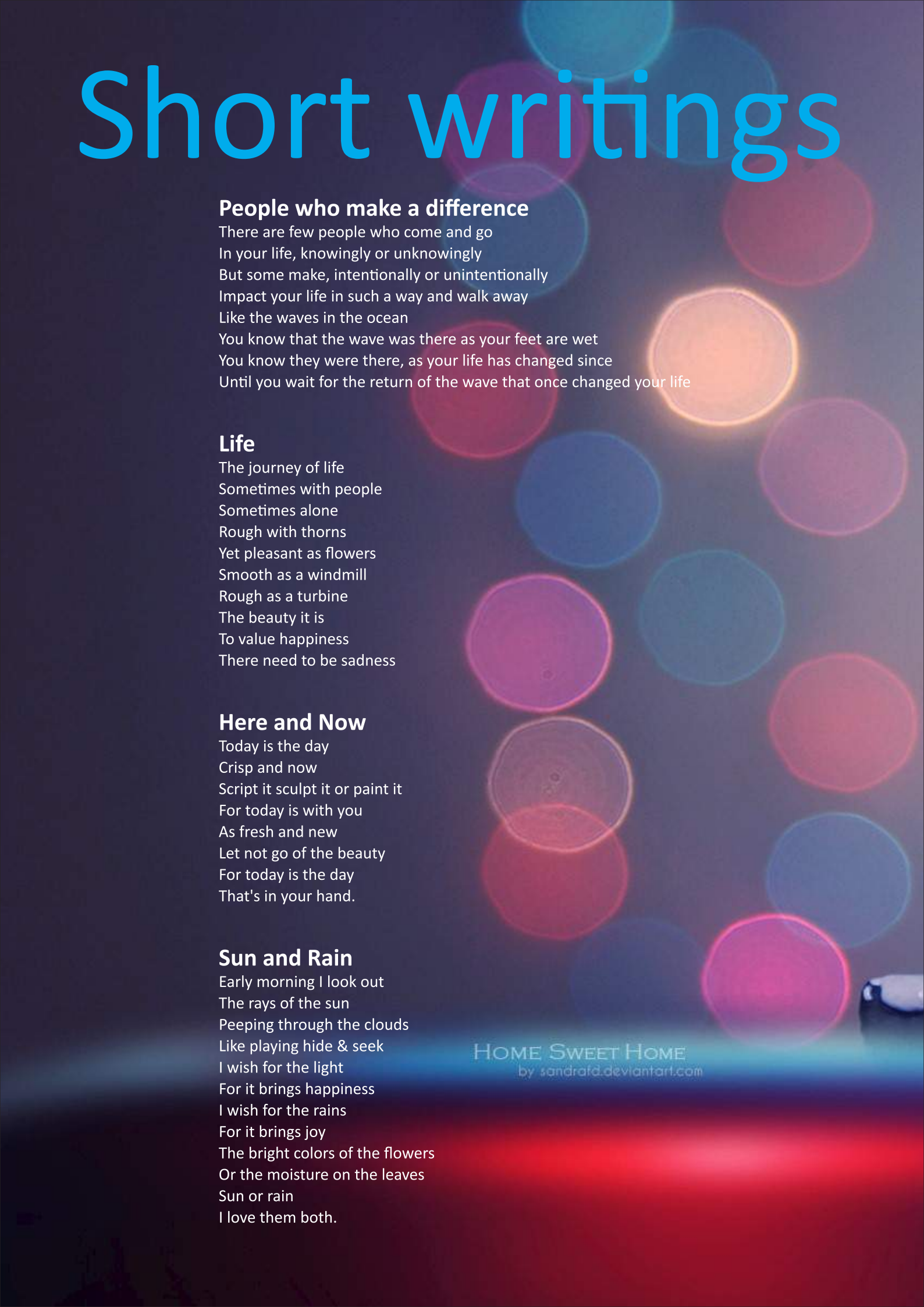
The journey of life
Sometimes with people
Sometimes alone
Rough with thorns
Yet pleasant as flowers
Smooth as a windmill
Rough as a turbine
The beauty it is
To value happiness
There need to be sadness

Here and Now

Today is the day
Crisp and now
Script it sculpt it or paint it
For today is with you
As fresh and new
Let not go of the beauty
For today is the day
That's in your hand.

Sun and Rain

Early morning I look out
The rays of the sun
Peeping through the clouds
Like playing hide & seek
I wish for the light
For it brings happiness
I wish for the rains
For it brings joy
The bright colors of the flowers
Or the moisture on the leaves
Sun or rain
I love them both.



Dedicated to Friends

Happiness is
To have a friend
A friend to trust
One Beyond all judgements
One to care
Blessed am I, I wonder
True it is, yes it is
I fold my hands in reverence
To the precious gift
I have as a friend

Can I make it happen ?

A little difference, a little change
A smile deeper, heart lighter
Yes I can
Worth every drop of it
Not my effort, but my friends
You made the difference, a lot of it
My smile deepened and heart lightened
Life became worth living making me fly high
All because of friends, All because of you

Dedicated to all the working women for balancing personal and professional life to achieve a better life.

The Smart me..
The one who's always at her best
The darling queen of my nest
Admirers all along at work shift
The secret you want to know I bet
Planner me..
Whole week schedule planned ahead
With a little twist but don't you heed
Workload halved when the burden is shared
That's my punch line throughout my deed
Care taker me..
Sure to raise my kid like a strong sole tree
Never like a slender creeper forever hugging me
Dear hubby a hearty wholesome support to thee
In all his endeavours not forgetting me
Loving me..
An hour a week some days all yours
Dine with wine, Sing or scream with no fuss
No doubt it would double the marital bliss
On this women's day to one n all my sincere advice is this....

DR. ARATHI RAO
Professor, Paedodontics & Preventive Dentistry

‘Monsoon is coming’

Sulthan Battery, Mangalore

Photography by

Dr. Karthik Shetty

Professor Conservative Dentistry & Endodontics

TAKE ME TO Neverland

Meraki

Whom do we think of in times of joy? Whom do we yearn for in times of sorrow? Our family and loved ones of course!
The Greek word 'Meraki' which means putting your entire heart and soul, love and creativity into something... beautifully epitomises the bond we share with our family.In this section, our writers have affectionately shared delightful stories about their near and dear ones.

ELVIS PRESLEY, READING GLASSES AND INFINITIES

Soon, I will be moving into a house of my own, one with a name plate that says 'Mr. and Mrs. ...',and when I do, I'd like it to be as blissful as my parents' home.

My parents' home was a reflection of their relationship and as a direct result of this, it was full of metaphors. My parents were the kind of people who were very much in love with each other, but also very subtle with their romance. It was a delight to interpret their actions as they danced around each other, day after day, year after year.

Our house had both, an entrance and an exit, instead of just one normal gate. The entrance was larger than the exit. That was a metaphor for 'Don't ever leave me'. It was Mum's idea and Dad wasn't particularly excited about it but he conceded anyway. That's how things usually were in our house.

Mum had put a mirror behind the front door, to ensure Dad never left the house with mismatched socks and the frown from yesterday's argument; 'Men are clumsy dressers', she'd say, and now, I couldn't agree more.

There was a gramophone in the living room and my Dad had a collection of 50 Elvis Presley records with all 149 songs. He would play it loudly on the gramophone every Sunday. He insisted it was to drown out the sound of the blender and mixer from the kitchen where Ma was working. But I have a feeling that it had something to do with the fact that Ma loved Presley and his music.

> "He would play it loudly on the gramophone every Sunday."

Dad insisted that we eat only in steel utensils. He said he liked how the clinking of the cutlery resonated with the crescendo of voices over the dinner table. Mum wasn't particularly happy that she could never use her fine chinaware, but she never objected.

Mum and Dad played squash every Saturday. It was their way of reminding each other that it should always be the two of them against a problem instead of the two of them against each other.

Mum's engagement ring was a simple band with no diamond. She believed that infinities were independent of forevers.

Dad proudly wore his reading glasses, carefully perched on the bridge of his nose. He considered them to be a metaphor for the intelligence behind imperfect eyes.

They both taped their sticky notes to the wall. You see, they didn't trust things to always work out. They both called it a shooting star even though they knew it was a meteorite on fire. It was their way of looking for beauty in destruction. They didn't hug a lot and the only times I'd seen them kiss, would be under the mistletoe at Christmas and at New Year.

My engagement ring has a diamond on it. I don't like Elvis Presley very much, either. My soon-to-be husband has never shown an interest in steel utensils or Chinaware for that matter, although he is a voracious reader(I wouldn't have said yes, if he wasn't). But we'll find our blissful infinity, just like they did.

AIMAN ITRAT ABBASI
Batch of 2016

Instant Coffee and Love in Four Minutes

It is said that if two people tell each other their answers to a set of 36 questions and then look into each other's eyes for 4 minutes, they will end up falling in love. An easy way into love apparently...

I like microwavable mac-n-cheese just as much as the next person. I think those 1 week crash courses are big time life savers and yes, it'll probably be a lot easier to just watch the movie 'War and Peace' instead of actually reading Tolstoy's lengthy novel. These short cuts make life easier, or at least more tolerable. The instant love theory, on the other hand, is hollow – love takes time, requires patience and demands effort. I can answer 36 questions, but my answers will only be the tip of the ice berg because my identity has more depth than what 36 questions can cover.

I can tell you where I live, but you wouldn't know where I grew up. I can tell you that I have a weird taste in music, but you wouldn't know until you hear me sing in the shower. I can tell you that I'm childish but you wouldn't know until you see me get excited when something glows in the dark. I can tell you that I get nervous easily but you wouldn't know until you see me fiddle with my hands. I can tell you what my biggest loss was but you wouldn't know that I still cry about it at times. I can tell you that sometimes, I get nightmares, but you wouldn't know that I wake up in cold sweat. I can tell you that I check the door lock twice before sleeping but you wouldn't know that I often forget my keys when I leave my house. I can tell you that I'm a morning person but you'll know the truth only when you see me sleep through all seven of my alarms. I can tell you that I have a terrible sense of humor but you wouldn't know that I can still make you laugh, or at least, smile. And if you don't know all this about me, then you're still at the tip of the ice berg.

Love is not easy – it's worthwhile. We tend to forget what a privilege it is to grow in love with someone, one day at a time. As thankful as I am for instant coffee and 2-minute noodles, I will always go for love-in-a-lifetime instead of love-in-four-minutes.

Aiman Itrat Abbasi
Batch of 2016

An integral part of childhood for each and every kid is 'school', which in it's true essence is our second home. We were travelling to Igatpuri for a school trip, when a bunch of random colleagues from my batch decided to trouble Mr. Qaisar Iqbal, our then Maths professor- not something every child would agree to do, but...since it was the last year, everyone wanted something crazy to fill their bags of memories with.

Some of us had carried mints for the journey and that became the first 'ingredient of fun'. Before serving tea to Mr. Qaisar Iqbal, we slyly added all the flavours of mints we owned to his tea. To our surpise, he loved the 'mint tea' and requested to have more. We definitely needed to escalate our plans. In no time, we had a well organized plan to see him drown in the swimming pool. The rush we felt can be compared to the one we get as adults when we want to rush to the washroom but the professor doesn't stop speaking!

The masterplan was ready and the guys were already in the pool. Basically, the boys had decided to portray a fight in the pool and pretend to pull a girl inside, which would attract Mr. Qaiser towards the pool. This would be our cue to push him inside. Everything worked as per our plan. The fight almost simulated the one we have in parliaments. Nobody would ever believe it was planned. Even after the fight escalated to people hitting each other, Mr. Qaiser Iqbal did not care, or even pretend to care. That's when we decided to stop and till date none of us know whether he was just playing along or whether he actually didn't care.

PALAK BHANDARI
Batch of 2017

The MELODY That was

She was just a young girl
Who had a sweet voice
She had big dreams
On which she used to dwell

She sang in schools
She sang in halls
And wherever she went
She serenaded them all

Once a record dealer saw her talent
And gave her a record deal
So that she could make
Her dream complete

Her first album was made
Which contained some great hits
As it was going to the critics
They gave her cruel ratings
And crushed her dreams to bits

That day she cried day and night
Because those critics were jealous of her songs
That day she made a vow
She won't sing again

Thus the world lost a melody that day
The one that enchanted them
She never sang after that
Because she was scared of failing again

But the road to her success
Didn't stop there
Because three years later she came back
To face her fears

Her well wishers encouraged her to sing for the label again
And prove the critics that they were wrong about her
She took the mic and sang her heart and made yet another album
But she was still scared of those critics' snare

The album was then again sent to the critics
and they looked it up
They couldn't help but think
What a great melody it was

Finally she was able to control her fears
And had a good life forever

INDRASHISH CHAKRAVORTY
Batch of 2018

LUNAR LONGING

Skye picked out
Her 'robe de soirée'
An affair
in sapphire
and lapis.
Perpetually indecisive
about that chiffon bodice
woven anew each day
by Dusk's calloused hands
With delicate noctilucent strands,
spun from the Cirrus-es of May.
Tonight
it adorned,
Her bare Stygian waist.

In all Her nocturne glory,
did Selene arise
Rightfully reclaiming
her throne in the empyrean.
Coquettishly smiling
through a sheer mantilla,
sewn out of tropical foliage,
Of bluebellvines and bougainvillea.
Could the conifer tips,
reach Her delicate lips,
as she leaned down closer
for an ephemeral kiss?
Perpetually frozen,
In an embrace unbroken
Divinely ecstatic,
Yet utterly Incomplete.
Maybe;
The winged conifer seeds,
in their silent airborne sleep;
Dreamt secret rosy dreams
of an Afterlife to bloom into….
To,
live once again
as a nebula newborn,
and evolve into;
A thousand lucent orbs.
To;
Finally consummate
their paralysed Romance,
As noctiflorous and ancient
as Night herself.

SUMEDHA MITRA
Batch of 2018

PURSUIT OF SOLACE

Maybe someday I'll step into
What I can call my 'home'
The shelter I have been yearning for
Longer than you can imagine.

You see it's been decades
That I have wandered and sprinted
From my fears and weaknesses
Oh I tell you they are plenty.

Someday maybe somewhere someone
Will make me hug these monsters
That have grown inside me like a weed
And have been crippling me lately.

I'm tired of nurturing my own strength
If I can lean on.. even just for once.
Then I can breathe a sigh of relief, I'll smile
As I'll be finally reaching 'My Home'.

SHOHINI SAHA
Batch of 2015

The ACCIDENTAL Best Friend

An incident I always talk about when I need an icebreaker, an incident I am sure to mention to my children, an incident that helped me make friends, definitely the most embarrassing moment of my life (so far), yet I could not think of anything else as my best memory.

My first day in college is totally unforgettable. My parents had dropped me off at the hostel the previous night and it took all I had to smile and pretend to be happy. My roommate hadn't arrived and I was busy arranging my room. Frankly, I enjoyed my privacy and the thought of living with someone else was no less than a nightmare!

I was up and ready for classes the next morning. Excited. Just when I put my shoes on, a girl stopped by and said, "Hi, let's grab breakfast together, I'll wait." I was glad to have found a companion.

As soon as we reached the mess, we got separated somehow. She was nowhere to be seen.

I wasn't going to lose spirit though. I sat with two other girls and introduced myself, initiating an idle conversation. They offered to wait for me and walk to class with me. This was not going to be bad afterall, I thought. *BOY, I was SO wrong*

The class was packed with students. I sat with the two new friends I had just made, who recommended books to me. Meanwhile, the teacher walked in and started with 'BIOCHEMISTRY'. She was super fast. I, like a sincere student made notes and tried to keep up. "This is how it is going to be" my friends warned me. The teacher (our warden, then) started taking the attendance. I wondered why my name wasn't in the list..."New admissions need to get their names written" they said. I did so, and waited for the next class to begin.

The next teacher walked in and congratulated us. She proceeded to ask "So...why do you guys want to be doctors?" One enthusiastic boy stood up and

answered,"To save lives, ma'am!"
My heart started beating faster, my palms started sweating. "To save lives?"...I thought, "WHICH DENTIST SAVES LIVES?" I turned and asked my friend, "This is FIRST YEAR BDS, right?" The look she gave me is something I'll have etched in my memory forever! Her eyes widened and she almost yelled "NO!" she replied, "This is FIRST YEAR MBBS." Well...Oops.
To this day, I wonder why I didn't just sit through that lecture and leave silently after it ended. Instead, I decided to stand up in the middle of 240 students and explain my predicament to all those present. The teacher was clearly expecting me to say something inspirational about doctors. “Yes?” "I'm in the wrong class!” I blurted out.“I need to get to the BDS class." Initially it was just some girls giggling. And then it turned into a roar of laughter. I was red in the face and the teacher's voice started sounding muffled and distant to me. "Don't laugh at her, she is new. It is an honest mistake, it could happen to anyone", the teacher tried to explain. Honest mistake? NO. It was a blunderI committed because I was too ignorant. Even I knew that.
Ihalf walked, half jogged out of that classroom. And then, I ran as fast as I could till I was far far away from that place.
Turns out, BDS classes got cancelled that day and I had embarrassed myself for nothing! 'Confused girl' became my new name. I got a call from the warden a couple of days later, asking why I don't attend her classes anymore. I'm still on talking terms with those 2 friends of mine and I still have those book recommendations written down. Apparently my name was in their roll call for a long time. But every time I wanted to talk to a new person, and I had nothing to say, I would bring this up. I still do sometimes. Everytime I go through something embarrassing, I tell myself, "If I could get past that, I can get past anything."
And the girl I lost in the mess? She heard my famous story too...and she went on to become my best friend.

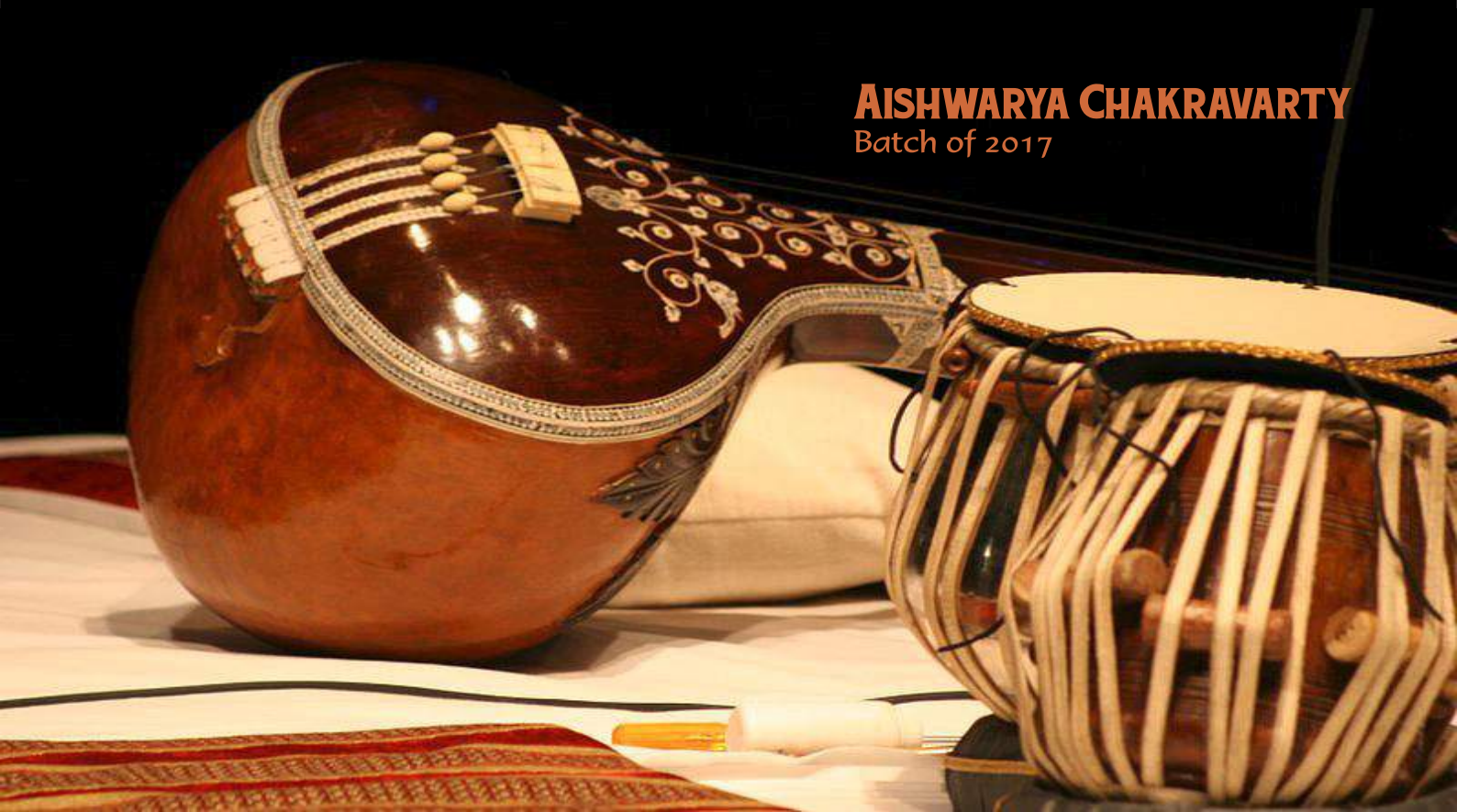
HARITHA PARTHASARATHY
Batch of 2017

A Trip down Melody Lane

Music

" Music is a moral law. It gives soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination andcharm and gaiety to life and to everything"I started learning music from the age of 6. My mother, being very passionate about music herself,wanted her daughter to learn too. One day she told me she heard about a very good music teacher.So we went to meet him. We took off our shoes outside the door and went into the building. On theleft side of a large sitting room was Guruji's room. After talking to him, my parents decided to startmy classes from the next Saturday. Since then, I learnt classical music from him for around 10 years.Every Saturday after our regular classes, we would sit down forming a large circle. One person would playthe harmonium and one would play the tabla. Somedays, one of us would start a kheyal and the rest would singdifferent taan or vistaar turn by turn and match with the beats of tabla while somedays guruji wouldteach us new songs and we would practice that which continued till late night. Later we would havedinner and stay back there. Early morning, we would have breakfast and go back home. Since thenmy attachment towards music has been very different.In school life I used to be the shy kid till class 7 th and would sing in group programs only. I never hadthe confidence to sing alone on stage. So, one year...my mother gave my name for the Durga pujafunction and made me sing alone on stage. I believe, that was the ice breaker for me. Since then I have neverfelt nervous on stage. I think a lot of people sing well but don't feel confident enough to perform on stage. Allthey need is that first boost that is required to remove the stage fright.Music has always been an escape for me. It takes me to a different world. I have songs for everyemotion and when no one Is there, my notes are always there. Every voice is different and everyinstrument is different, but when they come together,they create Magic. I have been singingever since I can recall and I would like to continue to do so as long as I can... because I believe music gives a purposeto my life, soul to my body and peace to my mind.

Aishwarya Chakravarty
Batch of 2017



BOOKSHELF

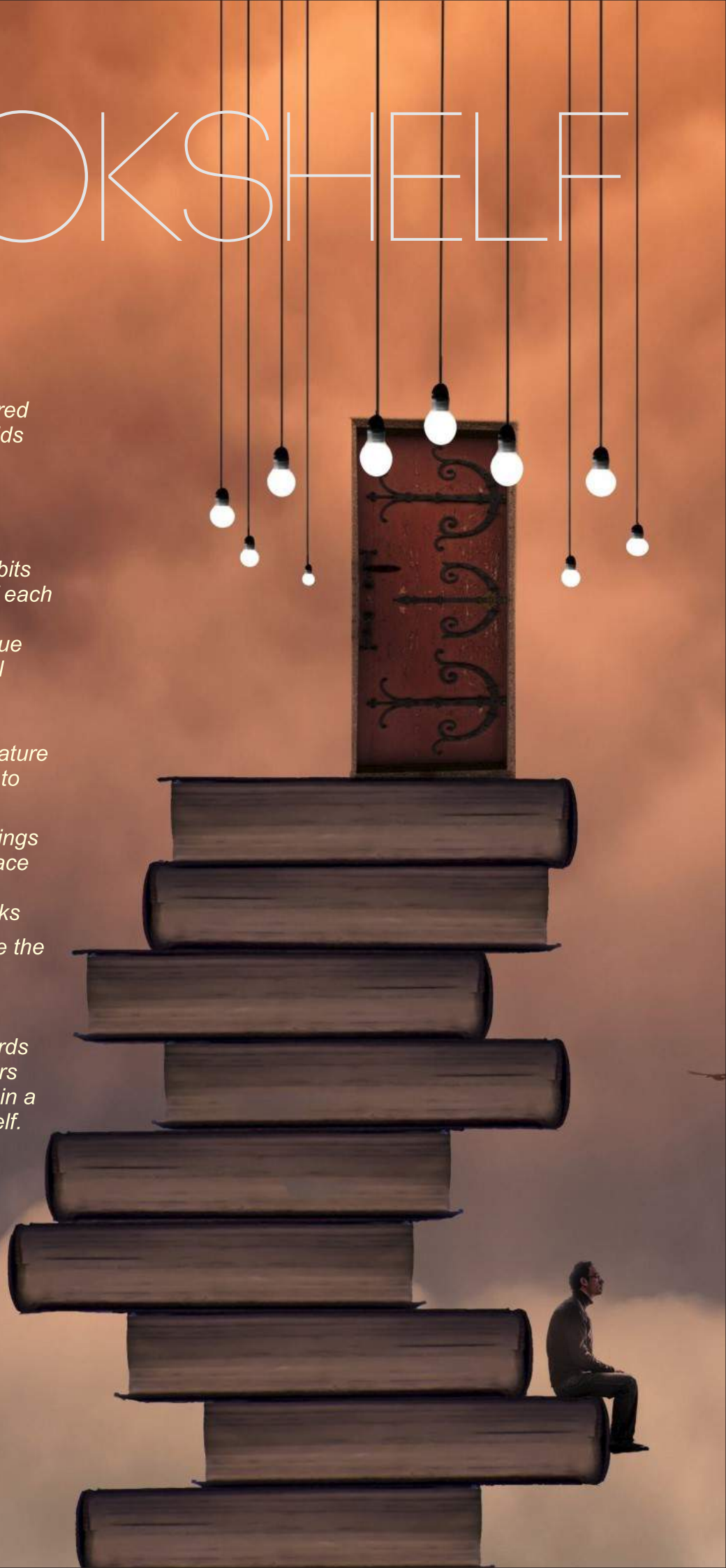
Resting in my armchair
*Staring at**the** vibrant**ly** coloured*
atmospheres of isolated worlds
Revolving in eras that never
coincide
Yet, existed a touch of
embracement

My eyes skim through the orbits
To realise the peculiarities of each
world
That makes them stand unique
Uninfluenced by their parallel
worlds

A *world enveloped in green,*
interwoven with sounds of nature
An*other,mechanically linked to*
sounds of a steel jungle

In **a** *world embellished with rings*
Kisses adorned two lover's face
Far away in another world,
*Tears glistened***on** *their cheeks*

How strikingly contrasting are the
inhabitants
Living in a cocoon spun by
alphabets
Dancing according to the words
from flute of their own creators
Yet **here** *they are coexisting in a*
single universe - my bookshelf.



MADHUMITHA
Batch of 2018

ANOTHER START

Dad's strict orders- the day lead and charcoal lines started withering off pages, the successor would beink- luxuriously blue fountain pen ink.And so off it started. Rather than the pages, it would be the bedsheets, the curtains sprawled with mini-kingdom maps in blue or perhaps they were frozen seas. Messy blue beetles crawled all over my candy-pinkpyjama cotton.It stuck. The maps on the sheets, the beetles on the cloth, the fountain pens to me...And along with allthat, a part of my father long after he packed off from the land of animate beings.As a child, throughout my school days, I wrote voraciously. Wrote because there were essays to handover, because certain stories demanded sudden telling in exam papers, wrote because people liked toread. I wrote of other people, other places. That a 15 year-old could also have a story, I was stillunconvinced.After that came those tumultuous times where in an attempt to keep pace with a fast-spinning world, Iused racer-gels, use-and-throw pens. Pots of ink and fountain pens stood patiently on dusty shelves, laydormant in unused pouches. They knew then, though not I, that their stories were far from over. Therewere numerous brewing, the sea-blue ink already spluttering with unheard words, voices.Too late I realized, I'd been swept away by the wrong tide- swimming away was not something I could do. SoI clung to whatever I could- whatever chose to keep me, and then was sucked up into a deep, dark pool.An inky pool, a frozen sea, with eddies of lost syllables hurled at me. I realized I was drowning in myown story. So I started belching out as much as I could- a phrase here, a paragraph there, wordseverywhere- the fountain pens freshly bleeding blue.I wrote to numb myself when consciousness stung, wrote to escape, wrote to take refuge. Wrotebecause it felt like salvation.That is when I came to know- tired minds at midnight think faster- they try and try to vomit outeverything from inside to finally make room for sleep. I knew then that weary, aching ink-smudged fingersalone in a café or in an empty roomful of people, or at an airport amidst strangers each with their ownstories trailing behind them like giant galaxies- grasp firmer at the pen, eager- because they have beenholding on for far too long- to let go.And someday, after I've managed to collect all the fragments, maybe the whole story would startmaking sense to me. Someday I'll see.

SREYA DUTTA
Batch of 2016

One such rainy day

Here comes, those sporadic rainy days
When you want to be all alone
Just left with your own anticipations
And the happiness it renders.

Just a cup of freshly brewed coffee
Perhaps with your favourite book,
Drift off to another utopian world
If only those longings ever come true.

Nature timids down its own light
Winds embrace you like a mother's hug
Drizzles play some melancholious note,
Retracting memories from the distant past.

Funny how we were denied to play in rain
Now responsibility forbids the same,
Rules snatched your childhood away
Soon duties will steal your adulthood away.

SHOHINI SAHA
Batch of 2015

The Last Time

Her messy hair was flying with the wind
She couldn't utter a single word in ache,
When the yellow-orange hue of the sun
Coloured the clouded sky at dusk.

His hopeless eyes fell on her for the last time
She loved him, strange enough, so did he;
They both stood on either side of the road
But a series of rocky pavements lied in between.

He stepped on them to reach where she was
Soon the rock turned crimson
with his blood,
Determination persisted, he trod again
Soon another boulder turned red too.

For years he tried to cross but failed in vain
Finally he withdrew and proclaimed himself 'free'
She had hoped for a better ending to the story.

But the curtain was about to fall
Realization dawned upon both of them
As she saw the fresh scars over
her wrist, Imprinted on her skin from the bondage
She held on for years but now freed.
She wandered how long it will take for the scars to heal

A sense of emptiness filled both of their hearts,
While the memories flashed one by one
As they glanced at each other during the final call.
She always adored his long eyelashes and crooked teeth

He loved all her imperfections more than she could imagine.
She was immensely crazy, it made him blush,
He was exceedingly shy, it made her smile.
They both turned to walk in diverging lanes

Discerning that their paths won't ever cross again
She bid goodbye to the only man who stayed,
He departed from the only girl he eminently loved.

SHOHINI SAHA
Batch of 2015

"A ray of Sunshine"

To my teacher
Today seems normal,
like any random day.
On this white piece of paper,
a few thoughts I shall say...
Allow me to express,
my sincerest appreciation.
You play a big role,
in my evolving education...
Thank you for being,
my teacher and friend.
A really big hug,
I wish to extend...
Teaching is your talent,
you know how to explain.
You do so much,
yet don't expect fame...
now i have always have great memories of you
You would ask me "how are you doing?"
I would say I'm fine
as tears start to form in my eyes ...
you always knew that I was really not fine
I look up to you and I see a ray of sunshine
shining upon me
I knew God sent me one of his angels
when he sent you to me
You help me fulfill my potential;
I'm thankful for all that you've done...
I admire you each day, and I just want to say,
As a teacher, you're number one!!!!

JEETHIKA JHA
Batch of 2018

AMNESIA

Superficialize Love,
Trivialise it beyond recognition.

Wasn't I far above,
the noxious millennial idiosyncrasies
of Facebook found 'crushes'
and Tinder scored 'flings' ?

But how was a 'commitment' any better?
Strip the word off all its meaning,
the moment you fail to deliver.

Can any amount of
heart wrenching honesty,
or solacing urban maxims
on social media
even faintly justify
all those promises,
tossed into amnesia?

You say: Broken Promises
I say: Corroded Commitments
Does it even make a difference anymore?
How ignorantly, I watched:
Fondness erode away,
little by little,
by the caustic trickle
of unforgotten grudges.

Where did I go wrong?
I knew this heart to be a loving one....
How then,
did I fall so short of love, my dear?

AND ALCHEMY

Despicable me!
Stubbornly clinging onto distant grudges.
Harshly unforgiving,
to your slightest adolescent folly.

Didn't I know better?!
Fairy tales and Gospels
all agreed on this ONE conviction:
Without Forgiveness, True Love cannot exist!

Yet,
when it came to me....
Despite it all,
when I was the one at fault,
You didn't flinch even once
before forgiving it all.
And that's why, my dear,
forgive me once more,
for making it sound like yet another
disconsolate urban cliche....
But I mean every word of it when I say:
You deserve so much better.
The alchemy of Your love,
couldn't tie us together....
But,
it has done something that,
and hours of Metta Meditation,
couldn't quite accomplish.
It has taught this unfeeling heart,
To arrive at this glorious happenstance,
Of Love sans
Time.

SUMEDHA MITRA
Batch of 2015

that rainy day

There have been many instances in our life, where our parents have told us not to do something yet we do it and we regret it so much, that we couldn't even tell them that such a thing has happened.Something like that occurred when I was in 5th standard. It was a weekend and before my mom left for work, she gave us a earful of the things that we shouldn't do because she was leaving four kids with a helper Chechi. But that day she specifically told us not to go to thodu (stream) behind our residential area because it was the rainy season and the flow will be too strong and it will be dangerous. It didn't rain that day, so as soon as our mom left, my brother and I called up two friends of ours, Sherin and Thomas to go to thodu.So there are two routes that can be taken to the stream, one goes via Sherin's house and the other is a little tricky one. But if we take the first one, her mom or someone else would see us and stop us from proceeding with our plan. The other one is a little tricky one, but not impossible. It would take us to walk over a wall, (if you fall, you fall to the stream, rocky stream) cross a fence made from throne bush and finally you will reach the self made entrance to the thodu. We decided it was safe for my brother Geo and Thomas to go via Sherin's house as they won't be stopped and also because they had their bicycles with them and Shweta and I took the tricky one. We reached the stream safely, without anyone stopping us and without falling down. Once inside the water, we were unstoppables who were completely unaware of the passing of time. We splashed around, pretended to be on an adventure finding new routes, pretended to be warriors, we even tried our hand in fishing(and caught none). We were the happiest kids in th world. On our way back, while Sherin and I took our tricky way back, being happy kids, the rocks on the walls gave away and I fell down. As I was falling down, I pulled down with me whatever my falling hand could bring down, sadly it was a part of the thorn brush fence. This fall was like a really slow motion one for me, as I knew, down below awaiting me were rocks, that could hurt me, or even kill me, and falling after me was the brush with thrones on it, that surely was going to pierce my skin. Finally I fell into the stream with a splash, went down and as I came up, I knew I wasn't dead because I was able to hear Sherin calling my name. I took deep breaths and tried climbing the wall, which I succeeded eventually. Back on safe grounds I realised that I had lost my Sandles as well as the fishing rod. I checked myself and was glad I had no major injuries, so we traveled back to our house, in wet cloths, thankful that we survived. Each step I took towards my house, more than the fear of finding the number of wounds on my body, I was more scared of what I will tell my mom. Also it wasn't just my mom from whom I had to hide, my sister as well. Sherin and Thomas also had to get to their houses in dry clothes, so we secretly went inside my room, used the iron and blow dryer to dry their clothes and hair. While I inspected my medals of the day, my wounds, they were so many in number, I lost count. Big and small, deep and shallow, but all of them dirty. I cleaned all of them myself, and started planning on a story to tell my mom, a believable one.And she believed the one I told her.she got to hear the real one a few years later, and I got all the scoldings that I thought I avoided that day.Kids : Listen to your parents, and go to thodu. Because that day, it was my mom. She gave us the idea. We listened to her. Alas only half of what she had to say.

KOCHUTHRESI NJAVALLIL
Batch of 2016

Taal se Taal mila

Dancing holds a special place in my life ever since I was a little girl. I've always loved dance as it used to fill my heart with immense happiness, an untold fulfillness which can't be described. Every song, every beat brings out moves. I've been into dancing ever since I remember from my childhood. My mother is a classically trained singer and as an Indian parent, she'd tried indulging me into singing. To be honest, I'd joined Rabindra-Sangeeth Classes as well, but it didn't go unnoticed that in my free time, I used to turn on the T.V set, tune into some random music channels and then start copying all the actors and actresses while they groove. Starting from "Taal se Taal mila" to "It's the time to disco", I used to groove to every music. That's when my mother insisted on me to join a dance class. It was my first day at that dance school. As a four year old, I was pretty excited for the upcoming journey of my life, but after few minutes, I got terrified. Since it's not an educational institution, it didn't have "new session month", they already had previous students and if they were going wrong, this 50yr old woman was crashing a fat stick on their ghungroos. Now, I am laughing all the pains away. Dancing has some moral lessons; it teaches us not to give up. It's about practising everyday till you get your moves right. I still remember the time we were introduced to the famous 21 single spins. With widened pupils and awed gaze, we admired how gracefully our teacher did those 21 spins. We knew it at once- doing that was out of our league. But with her faith and our zeal, we finally did that along with 16 double spins. Yeah, we were pretty amazed with ourselves. Dance for me is a stress reliever, the best medium to show the world who you can be. Dancing has taught me a lot in life, I have learned to respond to the changing circumstances in life, to be confident. Dancing is deeply personal and is an expression of something within us, something which we can share with the entire world. I dance because there is nothing that can engage me physically, emotionally, and socially like dancing. It is a journey of growth that helps you understand the world from a different perspective. Dancing is the best way to spend my free time. Compared to other leisure activities, dancing helps me to achieve more, gives me hope, freedom, confidence. It has shaped me into the person I am today. If you put on your dancing shoes, you'd feel the same. I dance because I've been doing that ever since I remember and it has become a part of my life, it gives me an indescribable feeling that I cannot get anywhere else.

AINDRILA PAL
Batch of 2017

A Letter to my Mother

Dear Maa,
Maybe we missed a few,
Or more than a few special moments.
Not realizing what lies ahead.

Maybe none of us knew that,
The TIK-TIK of the clock in the house will
soon be replaced by the BEEP-BEEP of the ECG in the ICU.

Maybe none of us knew that the eyes filled
with love will soon be filled with the fear of death.

Maybe none of us knew that,
the regular checkups will soon be replaced
by the regular chemotherapy sessions.

Maybe none of us knew that our worst
nightmare will soon become our reality.

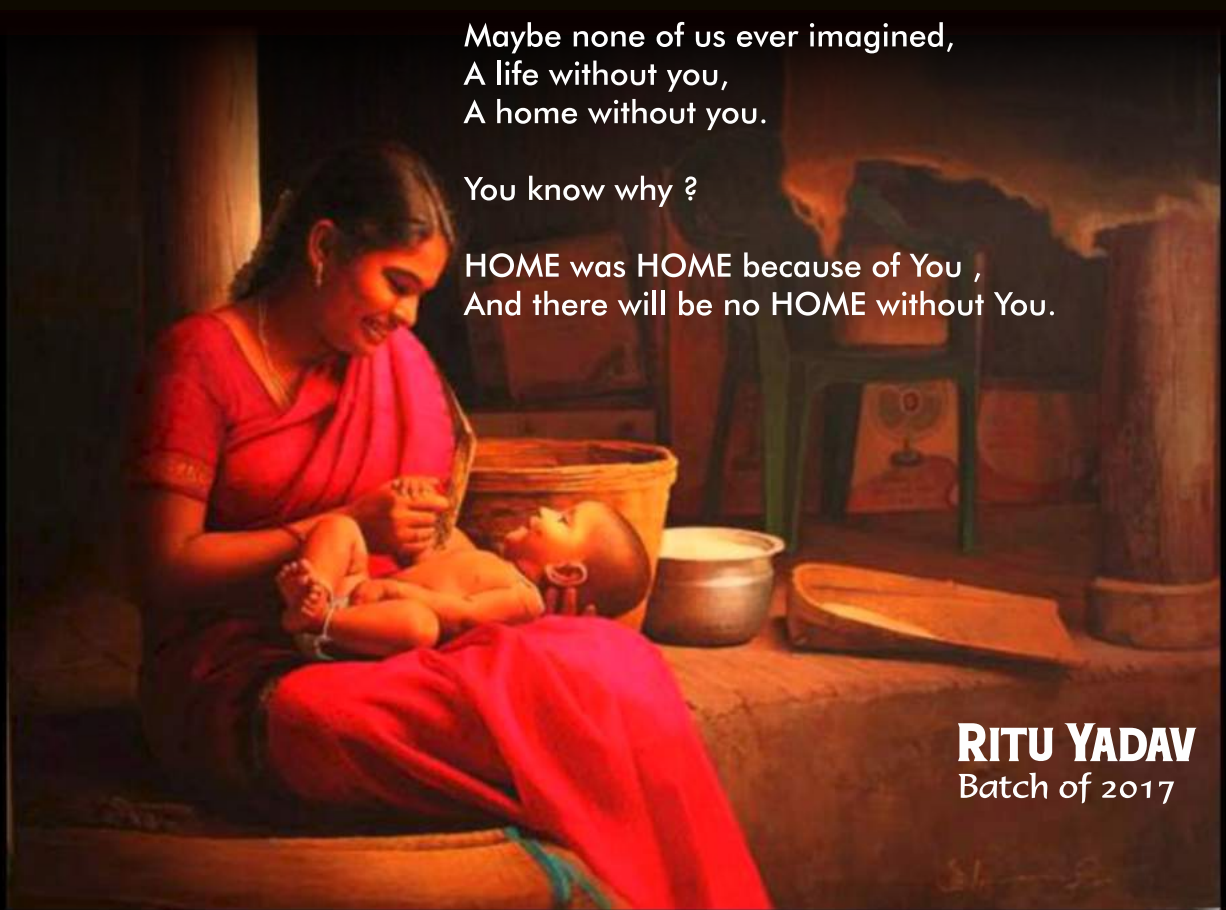
Maybe none of us knew that,
Waiting outside for you, during regular checkups,
will soon be replaced by long hours of
waiting outside the OT and ICU,
Feeling SCARED and HELPLESS.

Maybe I never knew that the fear of losing
you forever will be so scary.
It's scary that one day I will wake up
but I won't see you or hear you ever again.

Maybe none of us ever imagined,
A life without you,
A home without you.

You know why ?

HOME was HOME because of You ,
And there will be no HOME without You.



RITU YADAV
Batch of 2017

For Long

No one can be kept for long,
As a man tries to keep his wife,
No one can be kept with us for long,
But the feeling of detachment must not prolong.

Being away physically from your loved ones,
Doesn't mean everything has gone at once,
The heart is the same ,the feelings are the same,
All the sweet memories in our heart's frame.

No one can be kept under compulsion,
As the reasons exist with the separation,
But each one has a unique destination,
To walk the journey in isolation.

For long, one can't be with us,
Even if we may fear to miss,
We feel to be with one for more,
If they leave they may make us sore.
There's a time we stay together,
And then there's a time we go farther,
But the memories cherished rather,
Will bring smiles much better.

One can be kept for long but,
Not long as forever as,
Life is not about people who we met,
But it's about all who touched our heart,
Vowed to stay but left after the tears and smiles
Yet truly made us learn a lot.

Photography
KAMALA GANESON
Batch of 2018

NANDITHA SARPANGALA
Batch of 2018

Feelings

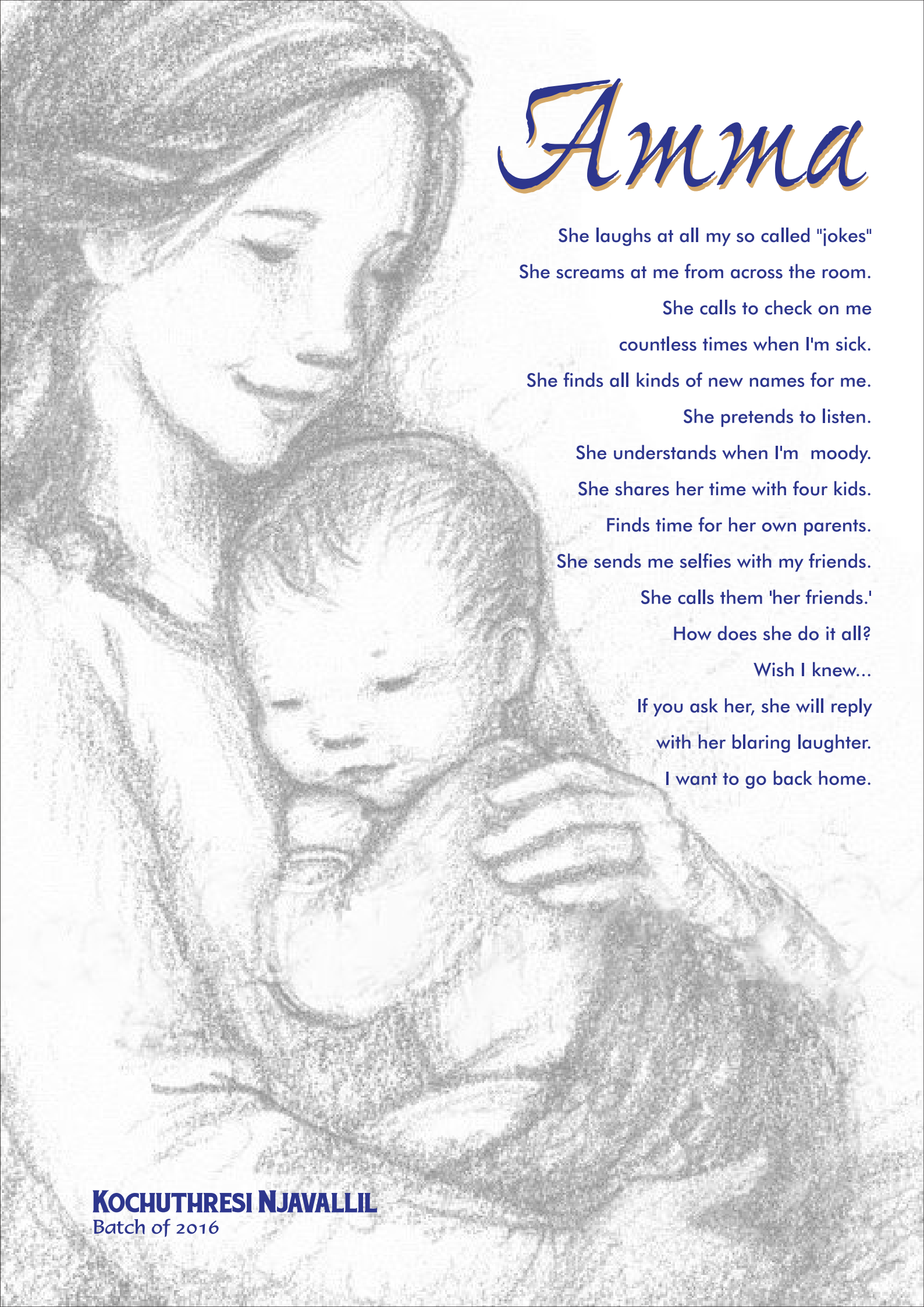
Feelings, actually exist as many,
Love or hatred you can choose any,
Time flies as you feel these barely,
You won't know when thingsmakes you worry.

People may feel many things at a time,
But only the true one will shine ,
The feeling with true heart of mine,
Will surely come out at some time.

It can't be restricted for a person,
It can't be measured for loved ones,
But once feelings come to a person,
Whether love or hatred,
Very hard to change .

Feelings are very deep though,
It is bound between like a bow,
Takes time for these to sow,
But really makes us not feel low.

NANDITHA SARPANGALA
Batch of 2018



Amma

She laughs at all my so called "jokes"
She screams at me from across the room.
She calls to check on me
countless times when I'm sick.
She finds all kinds of new names for me.
She pretends to listen.
She understands when I'm moody.
She shares her time with four kids.
Finds time for her own parents.
She sends me selfies with my friends.
She calls them 'her friends.'
How does she do it all?
Wish I knew...
If you ask her, she will reply
with her blaring laughter.
I want to go back home.

KOCHUTHRESI NJAVALLIL
Batch of 2016

ACATALEPSY

There was a girl in my class whom I didn't particularly like. She was too sensitive and cried frequently. I got annoyed every time I saw her.

Recently I got to know that she came from an emotionally abusive family.

One Sunday morning, I was solving a puzzle with my brother. Both of us got different answers and immediately, I jumped to prove myself right. When my father assured me that both of us were in fact right, it made me wonder. How many times have I misjudged a situation because of my own perceptions of right and wrong?

Maybe there is yet another way to solve that puzzle. Maybe that girl disliked me too. There are always many sides to a story. It is never the right time to judge anything. Neither an idea nor a person.

I am a drop in an ocean, I realise. A grain of sand on the shore of that ocean. So insignificant, yet significant. I am that piece of the puzzle which when present doesn't contribute much but if absent makes it incomplete.

It is impossible for me, or anyone for that matter, to comprehend anything completely. The world. Or it's people. Or even myself.

Acatalepsy ~ the idea that it is impossible to truly comprehend anything.

Haritha Parthasarathy
Batch of 2017

artswallpapers.net

Until we meet again

The never ending currents of misunderstandings infuriates me. I wish there was a way to block the waves from drowning us, but I know if we had the strength to do that, then we would have worked on ourselves a long time ago.

So then goodbye it is, then.

This will be just like one of those things, that we see happening...and have no choice but to follow it with complete silence. Nothing but the best is all that I have always wished for you. I hope, by doing this...you are choosing the better life.

There's no one really to blame, is there? Let's just remember the time we invested in each others' lives and embrace the memories. Let's blame the life that we've lived, the decisions we've made and the loopholes in them, because let's face it, we always play the blame game.

Always know that you will have a home in me, and that you can always come visit. Please don't think of staying though, that will be painful. We were taught love is enough for the both of us but when the differences got the upper hand, love wasn't enough of a glue to hold us together, was it?

Let's just stay in silence and look at all the things in between us. I know neither of us will never have any words to run out of, but I guess sometimes, there's nothing much me or you or anyone can say or do. I hope that you find yourself, and the love that you lost for yourself while unconditionally loving everyone around you soon. I know you believe hope is for the blinded, the misled. But I guess it's not. Hope is the only thing you seep in between gaping voids and healing wounds. I hope you heal.

I hope we meet again, when we are better versions of ourselves.

Meera Manoj
Batch of 2018

Stay

Why don't you stay for a while?
We could sit across each other in complete silence.
Look at the stars when the it gets too much,
So that I will know when to tarnish
the purity of silence with my speech.
Let me ask you about the years that went by,
While wondering in endearment whether
your hands are still as soft as I remember.
Let me know why your smile
doesn't reach your eyes anymore.
Why don't you stay for a while?
Ask me how I am doing,
Listen to my cordial reply
And then try deciphering the truth.
This heart hasn't laid bare for a while,
and I wonder whether it's been as long since
you had trouble maintaining eye contact.
Why don't you stay for a while?
While the music plays into the night,
And it brings along with it, the day.
Let me wonder in the quiet,
Whether my thoughts ever ran through your brain,
Like water trickling off a lotus leaf,
Let's sit,
With the space between us,
Holding what could have been true.
Stay till the sun rises,
While we get transported to the
uneven roads with towering buildings,
When it was just us, once.
Stay, till you have to leave.
Don't look back,
Don't bid goodbye.
I haven't a clue about this restless heart,
Which might cling on,
As an old friend's memory.

Meera Manoj
Batch of 2018

THE AUTO

The state welcomed us with the swatty heat typical of the tropics. I had been prepared for the rains. Expecting perpetual monsoon showers, I thought to myself about my escape from the land of extremities that **Delhi** is.

Instead, an extremely bright and blistering Mangalore greeted us.

Since the entire experience was pretty overwhelming, I am going to write about the most significant thing that happened today.

After roasting for a week in my non-ac dorm room (with an idealistic roommate, who fortunately shared the sentiment), the rain gods showed some mercy. Showers, though sparse, were much needed.

We slept unaware, as the clouds rained down. Bearable temperatures resulted in a delightful wake up routine. The time, though subtly dismal, was tenuously pleasant. Daddy was finally leaving the city to return back home. The early morning flight added an increased level of activity to the atmosphere.

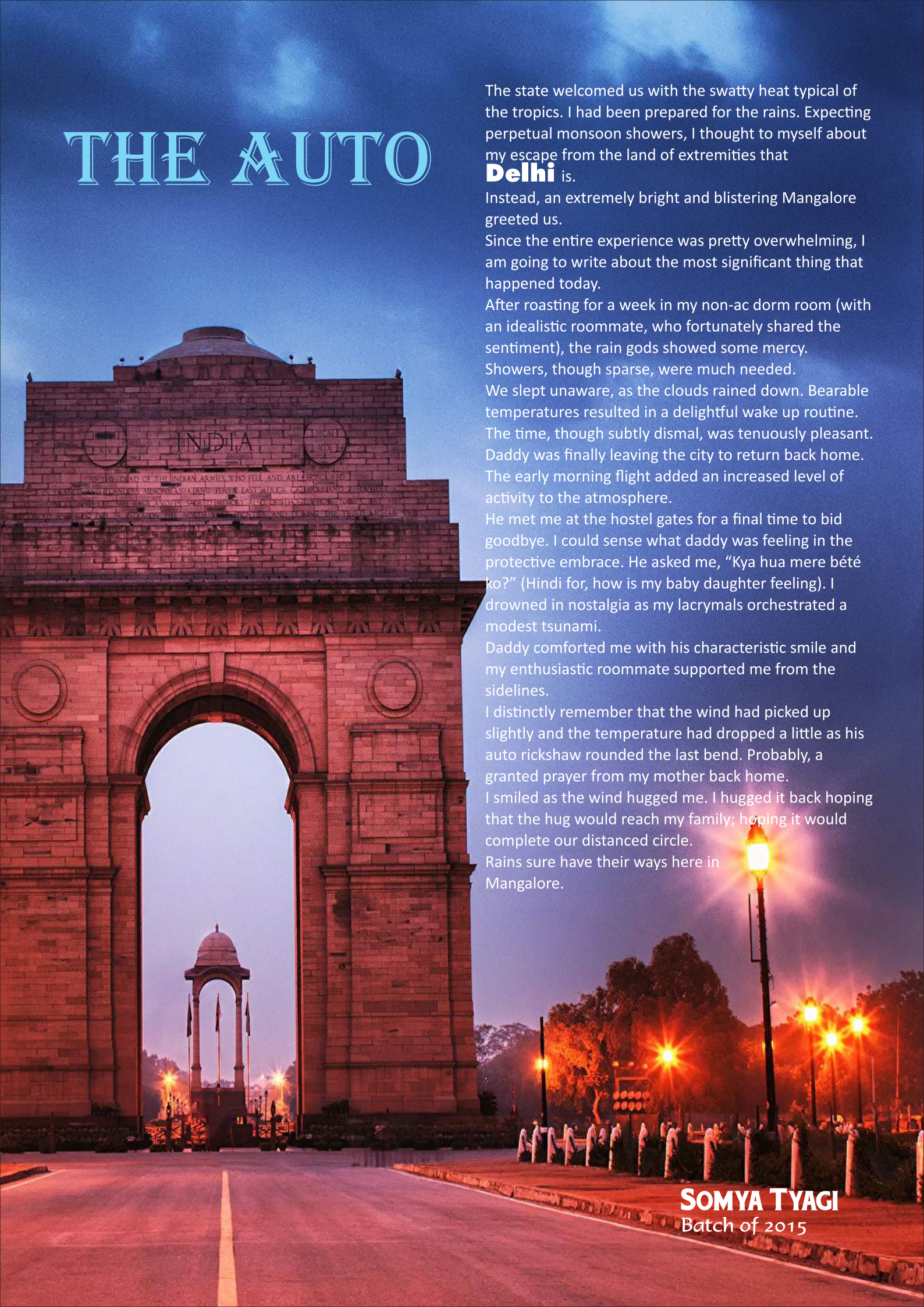
He met me at the hostel gates for a final time to bid goodbye. I could sense what daddy was feeling in the protective embrace. He asked me, “Kya hua mere bété ko?” (Hindi for, how is my baby daughter feeling). I drowned in nostalgia as my lacrymals orchestrated a modest tsunami.

Daddy comforted me with his characteristic smile and my enthusiastic roommate supported me from the sidelines.

I distinctly remember that the wind had picked up slightly and the temperature had dropped a little as his auto rickshaw rounded the last bend. Probably, a granted prayer from my mother back home.

I smiled as the wind hugged me. I hugged it back hoping that the hug would reach my family; hoping it would complete our distanced circle.

Rains sure have their ways here in Mangalore.



SOMYA TYAGI
Batch of 2015

The Para-docs

Disclaimer: The mentioned events as of this date are completely fictional. However if they do come to pass in any of the future timelines, the author reserves the right to be called the Nostradamus of 21st Century.

Gaze up. Look smart. Betty-bought-a-bit-of-butter, Betty-bought-a-bit-of-butter. Fa-la-la-la-la-la-bluh!
I stretch my jaws and contort my face and spill out all such verbal foibles as I do every time I speak in the mic, facing the faceless shapely gathering in front of me.
"And now sisters and brothers, put your hands together for our lady of the hour – the head that bled the Meds red, the President of the United Dental Front –our very own, Dr. Nova Kovak!"

They announce my name and I walk onto that stage with a smile of perfectly aligned teeth, the flashing lights searing through my eyes and into my brain. I raise my hands, just a little bit, and the whole crowd of thousands goes silent.

"Thank you Dr. Nguyen. And I want to thank you all, my beloved comrades who have gathered from all over East Pangea – the greatest of super-continents! Right here, right now wherever my eyes go - I see only my esteemed colleagues, all of you. Most of you Dentists – Your Endos and Surgeons and Orthos andProsthos, Implantologistsand a helll of a lot many O's."

The crowd breaks into a whispered giggle which I silence with a flick of my finger.

"But it is also with great joy and immense love that I welcome the rest of you as well – all you physiotherapists and nurses and forensics. You Technicians. And Psychologists. Andmicrobiologists. And even paralegals! Welcome home, my people."

Sustained applause.

"On this fifth centennial of the revolution – bless sacristi e menti-I stand here today, not as your candidate for the global elections. But as a humble and proud descendant of Dr.Lakhaim. For I want to take a moment and tell you about him. As the representative of the Dental and Para-docs' struggle for equality, it is my duty to touch upon the history of a man whom our community owes a great deal to but knows nigh nothing about. Fear not…fear not good people. For I know you all are College students and Saturday nights are precious to all of you. This will be brief. And it began…well it began as you might expect.It began when a famous Doctor of Medicine wrote out a Buzzfeed article – "13 Reasons why Dentists should not be Pre-fixed as Doctors"

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"This is outrageous!" Dr. Lakhaimcried.
"Incredulous!" Dr. Zaragosa bellowed.
"Capricious!" Dr. Politzo groaned.
"And this Dr. Hu - he is supposed to be some medical big shot?" Lakhaim, who is our hero, continued. " 'Half-knowledge'? 'Insignificant exposure to human anatomy'? 'Sculptors than healers'? This is beyond whimsical!"
"Idiotic" Zaragosa noted.
"Buffoonery" Politzo voiced.

And just like that, Dr. Lakhaim published the most scathing, burning, vitriolic, savagely vivacious critique in an open-letter to the Medical-Community, the world had ever seen - in the New England Journal of Medicine.The only journal the medical community ever sees.

"Tremendous." Zaragosa commended. "Articulate." Politzo sighed.
"This should do it." Lakhaim thought.
But that didn't do it.

Doctors, surgeons, ENTs, Ophthalmos, Gynecos and all the others across the globe took it as an open attack on their community from what they always considered a peripheral field in their profession – the Dentists - more or less, the apes to their humans.Their solidarity was strong for Dr.Hu.

The Dentists around the world sat in horror glued onto their televisions – as Dr.Jay and Dr.Killimpassioned fiery speeches that stirred up the people against the dentists for all the wrong reasons. "For too long have you all known, that dentists are not real doctors!" They screamed and the crowd cheered on. "For too long have they tried to take their place on a pedestal beside us, we –with our hard-earned degrees. And what do they learn in their dental

schools? Playing with waxes? Rubbing your teeth till they're no more? Drill their way into your jaws TILL YOU DIE IN PAIN?!" The crowd erupted with applause and shouts. "It is time, my people, to realize that their Dr. and our Dr. has a chasm full of experience dividing us. And you can spit on them all you want, they won't mind an iota. Guess what, they are dentists - it's their J-O-B!" The crowd roared with laughter.

The Overreaction of the Medicos did not go unnoticed however. Dr. Lakhaim received mails from all the eminent names in dentistry at that time –Dr. Peter Carranza, Dr. Shankarayan, Dr. Neville G, Dr. Gabriela Aparicioto name a few – vocalizing their support. They urged him to form an alliance similar to the Medicos, but Lakhaim was unsure. He was never a good public speaker. So 'twas decided to have the more eloquent Dr.Politzospeak for him.

"I want you, Dr. Politzo, to speak for me." He said. And our United Dental Front, the UDF, was born.

Dr.Politzo became the face of our revolution while Dr. Lakhaim, our hero, stayed behind the curtains pulling the strings to ignite the sparks that would one day turn the flames of our revolution. The UDF in it's young days was largely ineffective. For despite fighting the systematic suppression of us dentists by the Medicos, they dealt in broad strokes in themes such as the representation of dentists in film and media. It was found that nearly 80% of all dentists in films and Tv were either shown to be completely incompetent if not the outright villains. From Barry the Dentist from *Friends*, Charlie's dentist father from *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* to the braced kids in *Finding Nemo* and *Toy Story* - we dentists seem to be either objects of absolute evil second only to the clown-profession, or adulterers. But this soon changed.

Order 66 was issued by the Supreme Court in what was then called the United States of America – decreeing to change the prefix of all professions who had not passed through the Medical curriculum.

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I take a sip of the water lying beside the mic and I face the audience back.
"But 'tis alright my brothers and sisters. For all the hatred they spewed at us, it turned out just fine. And as you can see, me and our party are finally running for the Presidency. So if the story gets too dark, and too real, and too horrific, and too surreal, remember. It has a happy ending."

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Their prefix was now a "dr." instead of "Dr.", a lower-case to signify the lower status of our profession.
And that was the real turning point for us. Dr.Lakhaim, Dr. Zaragosa and Dr. Politzo with the UDF took it as a Crusade to fight back the oppressors. And as that night Dr. Jay, Kill and Hu and all their esteemed elitist colleagues celebrated their victories smirking with all the glee a Medical intern does towards a freshman Dentist, Lakhaim and his group put themselves to work.

For Order 66 paved way for an unexpected alliance. By the decree itself, all the para-medical professionals also had their prefix changed. Physiotherapists, Psychologists, Hygienists, forensic scientists. Pathologists – all the people continually snubbed and oppressed and bullied by the elitist Doctors, seen as "not real doctors" or the so called "para-docs" – if you excuse the pun - came together.

We bore with the "dr." prefix for three years. Three years in which we continually protested, and fought for our salvation. Strikes and demonstrations and marches. But it didn't budge the public's opinion or the Doctors'.

"It is time." Lakhaim said. "It is time, my friends. It is time to show the people that they are wrong. It is time to show them that the Medicos are wrong. To show them that we are as indispensable to them as much as their godly Doctors.. It is Time. Time to recede. Tomorrow onwards, not a single one of you would be treating any patients, attending any clinics, seeing any cases. Look for other jobs. Work on them. Indefinitely. Let it be known that this country would be without any of us and our services, and would stay so until our demands are met!"
And the UDF members shouted aloud in unison.
"Moreover!" Lakhaim said "Pass this on to our brothers and sisters in our Para-doc alliances. Ask them to join us in our march for salvation against the Elitist snobs that call themselves The Doctors! Call upon this sacrilege!"
"Blasphemy!" Zaragosa cried.
"Impiety!" Politzo shook.

And thus it came to pass, as you all know, the Great Para-doc Strike. The one that lasted for two years. Oh how the people suffered, my friends. For two years! Their cavities dug deep into their rotting teeth. Some jumping to their own deaths, unable to cope with the inconsolable pain of a toothache that goes worse and worse with each passing season. Some died of infections and some died of tumours – ones that

passed through their teeth or tongue or cheeks and pierced through their fascia and the muscles and their sinews till reaching deep into the bone splitting their jaws wide open. People in accidents as well as fistfights had nowhere to turn up to after getting their teeth broken. A minimum of three thousand marriages have been said to be cancelled within that year itself on account of there being no dentists. Depression rates sky-rocketed as well as the number of Diabetic cases. And the wheels swiftly and slyly turned on our oppressors. For many of the Doctors themselves had a terrible case of sweet-tooth and many failed in their professional lives, forever distracted by their itch in the teeth. They tried to bully us back into working. Sacristi e Menti massacre of Sunday, where over 50 of our brothers – all dentists and physiotherapists and psychologists and all other para-docs were brutally beaten down by the government – which by then had many representatives amongst the Medicos. Dr. Lakhaim himself lost an eye.And hell was upon us. But when the sun finally shone, it burned out the brighter. For the people finally needed us. Understood us. Valued us. And they joined us in our rallies. The regular folks. And they marched right beside us and for maybe the first time the big shots realized, that we had as much power on them as they ever had. Utter chaos ruled across the countries. European governments fell. New revolutions emerged in the then Latin-America. And after two long years, the same Supreme Court re-called Order 66 for review. And within a month, it was crossed off.
The President of the International Medicos Congress resigned with a flat, over-long apology. And Dr. Neelima Malik was swore in as the next. Yes, Dr. Malik, the Oral-Maxillofacial Surgeon – a field as intermediary to dentistry as to Medicine.

Dr. Politzo became a national hero, being the face of the revolution and all. As for Dr. Lakhaim, who is our hero, he simply walked into his favorite pub in a quiet little corner of the town. He nodded his head just the slightest, a weariness in his eye-patched face, as he said. “That should do it.”
“Cheers.” Dr. Zaragosa motioned.
“Touche!” Dr. Politzoserenaded.

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Audience claps. I look around, satisfied with my account of the revolution. I take another sip only to find that the water is finished in my glass.
“It does not end there of course. My brothers and sisters, as every great story, this one still goes on. Right with us, with me and you! What was achieved by Dr. Lakhaim and Politzo and the UDF stood as anexample that championed the way for professional equality. Barely a decade later, it evoked a worldwide movement for a demand of equal respect for all jobs and professions. Drivers and cleaners and musicians and writers and gardeners and janitors and artists and every single other person who was not an Engineer, Medico, an Accountant or a Lawyer came on together.And they funded us and voted for us so to finally kick-start our political campaigns. And here we are, after three hundred years -----“

“It is time.” Dr. Zaragosa said.
“What?”Dr.Lakhaimwas startled.
“You were lost in thoughts again. Time's come for your speech, waxo. “
“Oh yeah, right.” Dr.Lakhaim blinked for a few moments. “Well, what is it? What's the matter? You look worried.” He asked Zaragosa.
Dr. Zaragosa looked indignant. “I just, I don't know waxo. How long can we keep this up? This revolution is falling apart.”
“And what makes you say so?”
“Sacristi e menti yesterday. And yet another massacre in Brolinsher today. And..andour people lose faith, man. They are killing us! How much longer can we hold, man!?”
Dr. Lakhaim sighed and then smiled at Zaragosa.
“Here, sit down for once.” He patted him on his back.
“Now, do you know what do I do at times like these? Like when you're having a weak day and the world seems to be hell bent on putting you down.”

“What?”

“I imagine the future.” Dr. Lakhaim closed his eyes. “A distant future where our revolution has ended. Where we have won. A future where my great-great-great-great-grand-daughter is running for President and is re-telling a crowd of enamored students of our great revolution and of her great ancestor – me. And how we saved the world from the imminent despotism of the Medicos.”

“But...it's all fake.”

“Yeah, well...it gives me the strength to endure the present.”

SIDDHARTH MAITRA
(Batch of 2014)

Memoirs of a friend

My eyes fix themselves on an empty space while my mind wanders deep into its own spinning thoughts, it rediscovers the memories we established whenever in each other's lives. Memories through our childhood and teenage years. You were my companion through the most carefree days of my life, through trying our “first times” and fighting over senselessness, making paper planes and having sand fights, to spreading our wings and flying into our own destined galaxies, it's strange how you never left me even after parting.

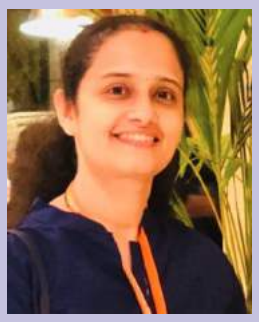
Those fragile kites which took flight for hours before they surrendered to the overpowering winds and broke away, might just end up in your courtyard. You'll wonder where they came from. They wouldn't know why they came to you. But they are yours now. It's strange how something, which was always distant, suddenly becomes ours and in-spite of that 'something' being so distant, it never gets disowned.

The stardust between our galaxies gets thicker and mists us from each other, but once in a while, as the dust clears itself...I look through it to see you evolving into the beautiful person I always knew you to be. Outshining your world, breaking the ice by radiating the warmth in your smile. I was so used to seeing that smile everyday that I never imagined... not seeing it as part of my life anymore. Yet, a part of me says that one fine day, when it stops raining we'll see the rainbows again in our collective skies. When thunder strikes and there's lightning, we'll laugh at the storm while it passes by. We will eventually come out to find shooting stars sailing across from your end to mine, trying to communicate our collective wishes to the heavens veiled by the clouds. The same clouds which were shaped by our childish creativity into all possible shapes and forms. In tranquility, we wish the night never ends, yet, if it gets a little stormy, the same tranquil night can seem so frightful, that we wait for it to get over. All these years made me accustomed to your presence so much, that at times I wondered whether you would ever disappear, and now that you have, I still fail to feel your absence.

I write this, in your memory, yet I doubt I will inform you of its existence. You sleep soundly, while the world changes, yet you remain the same, and when you change, the changed world starts seeming the same to you! When you are awake, the world might have changed a little, or a lot. However, throw your gaze up at the sky, look far ahead and if you see the horizon, which welcomes the sun traveling from my world to yours, I hope it conveys my prayers for you, where I pray for you to evolve into who you want to be, and get what you want. May you break away from all bindings and fly high into the depth of the ultimate heights. And one fine day, if your bliss gets too exasperating, look over, through the stardust, to remember us by.

PARTHIVEE SHARMA
(Batch of 2017)

In conversation with the WHIMSICAL, WITTY AND WISE



Dr. Suprabha B.S.
HOD
Dept. of Paedodontics

Which subject or practical in the course of BDS was your favorite and which was a nightmare to you?
Pedodontics and Endodontics were my favorite. Not exactly a nightmare, but Prosthodontics was difficult.

If not a dental surgeon which profession would you have preferred?
May be a writer, but I always wanted to be a dental surgeon.

Are you active on social media? What do you prefer the most among WhatsApp, Facebook, Instagram and Twitter?
Mostly active on WhatsApp and Facebook. Though I prefer WhatsApp as I think it enables better communication.

Which is your favorite holiday destination?
It would have to be Singapore, I really enjoyed my time there.

Dr. Siddharth Shetty
HOD
Dept. of Orthodontics

Which subject or practical in the course of BDS was your favourite and which was a nightmare to you?
Ans)I was very fond of Conservative, I used to like restorative. I didn't have any nightmare as such, I used to like all the subjects.

If not a dental surgeon, which profession would you have preferred?
Ans) I have no other profession in mind, I have always wanted to be an Orthodontist, so I'm doing what I love.

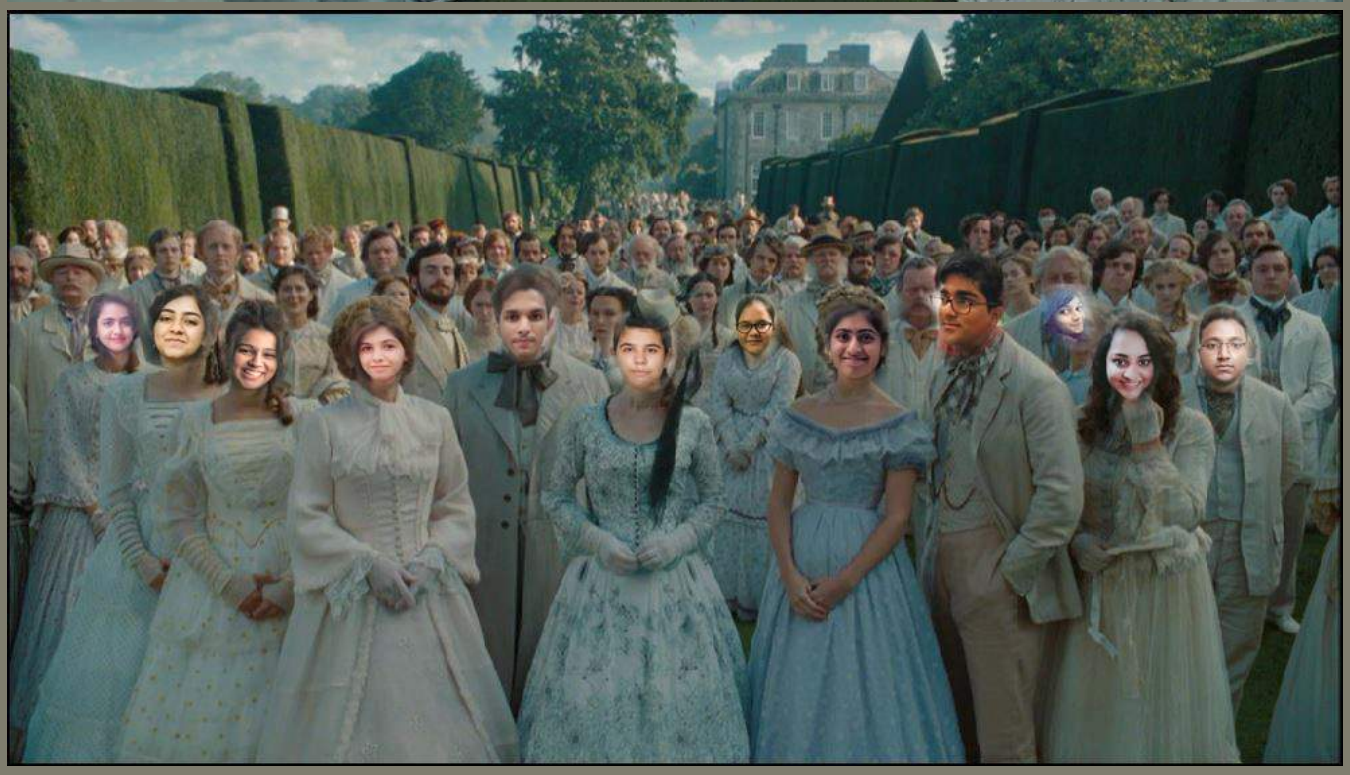
Are you active on social media? What do you prefer the most among WhatsApp, Facebook, Instagram and Twitter?
Ans) Yeah, nowadays you can't live without social media, because most of our work also gets done on social media. So even though, everyone focuses on the negatives, I feel it has helped us so much to keep in touch with our friends. So much work gets done faster on WhatsApp which would take much longer in the past. Similarly, with Facebook and Instagram, you can share your happy moments with your friends. Everything has a pro and con, nothing is perfect but I'm just trying to look at the positive aspect.

What is your favourite holiday destination?
Ans) I've been to many places because I like to travel to different places every year. But if I had to choose, I like Singapore.

Batch of 2018

in

Alice in Wonderland



ANSWER KEY

PIC 1: L-R= MADHUMITHA M, G KAMALA, SHREYA RATH, GOKUL KRISHNA M, DEVANARAYANAN NAMPOOTHIRI, VAISHALEE PRUTHI, SHREYA KUMAR, KUSHAGRA SACHDEVA - EIGHT

PIC 2: L-R= PANKHURI KHANNA, JOSHI DHRUVA PRAKASH, ADILA AMBREEN, SHRUTI TRIPATHI,GURDASANI KIRAN VINOD

PIC 3: PRACHI, MEERA MANOJ, SAKSHI DAGAR, SOMYA JAIN, DRISTI KEDIA

PIC 4 L-R YASHASWINI MODUKURU,ARYA VIJAY,SHARIQ IBRAHIM, NITHAN S, K DIVYA DENICA, JOSHI PRANJALI SHRIRANG, DIPANJAN DE,LAKSHITA SINHA, AANCHAL ARORA,FERNANDES RHEA SATISH,NANDITHA SARPANGALA, JACK MUKKADA, ARUSHI LAL

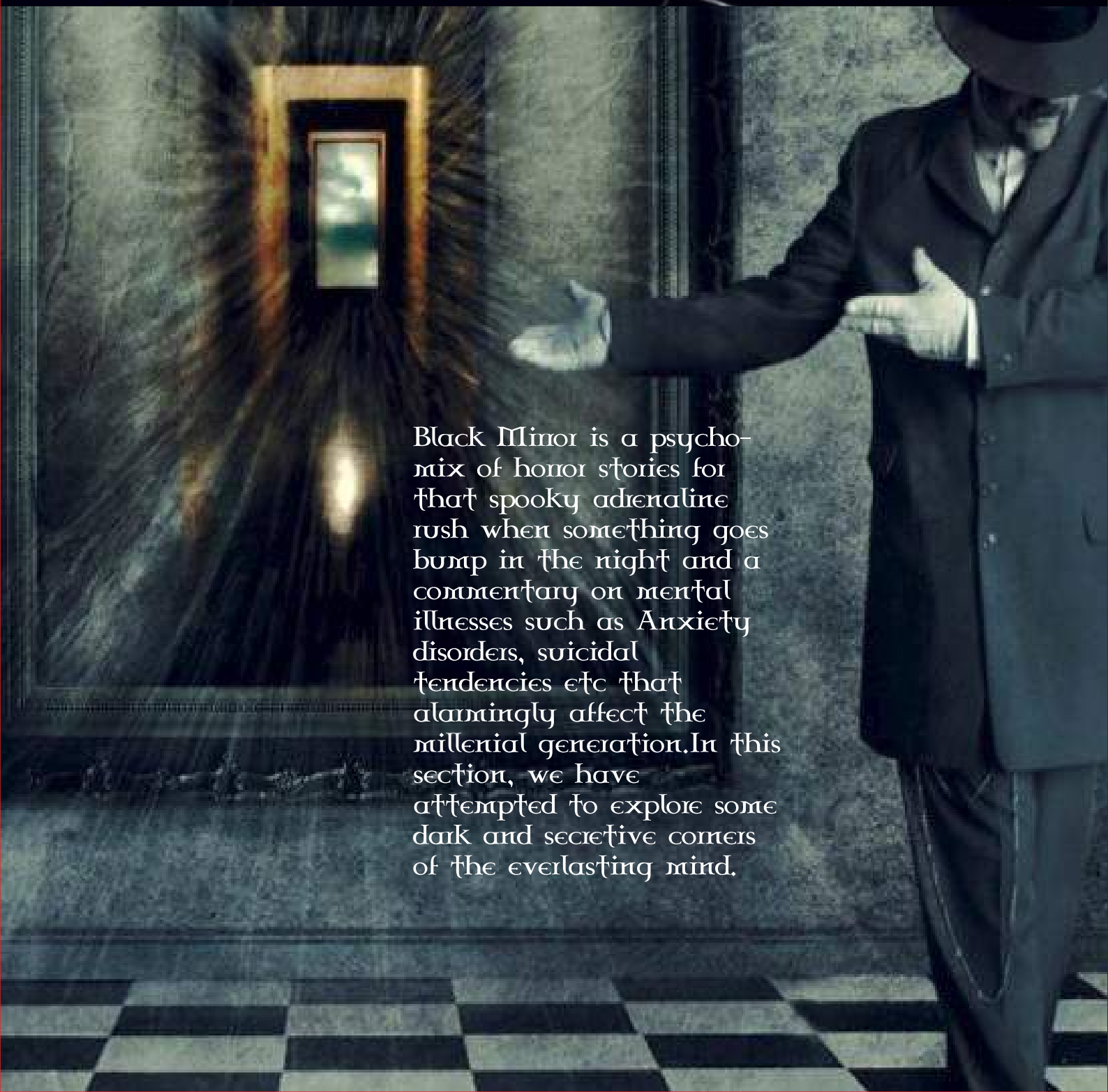
PIC 5 KRISHNA PRIYA, PRERNA SAH, SANDRA REBECCA MATHEWS, SNEHASHISH DEB, DURVA MANOJKUMAR VADKE, SHREYA DAS,KRITIKA BALI

PIC 6 SIMRAN GUPTA, SHIKHA SINGH, BHASKAR NAGPAL, DISHA PRABHU, INDRASHISH CHAKRAVORTY, RITWIK KUMAR MANDAL, AAYUSH VERMA,ANANYA, HARSIMRAT KAUR, NAGARJUNA SHASHIDHAR REDDY

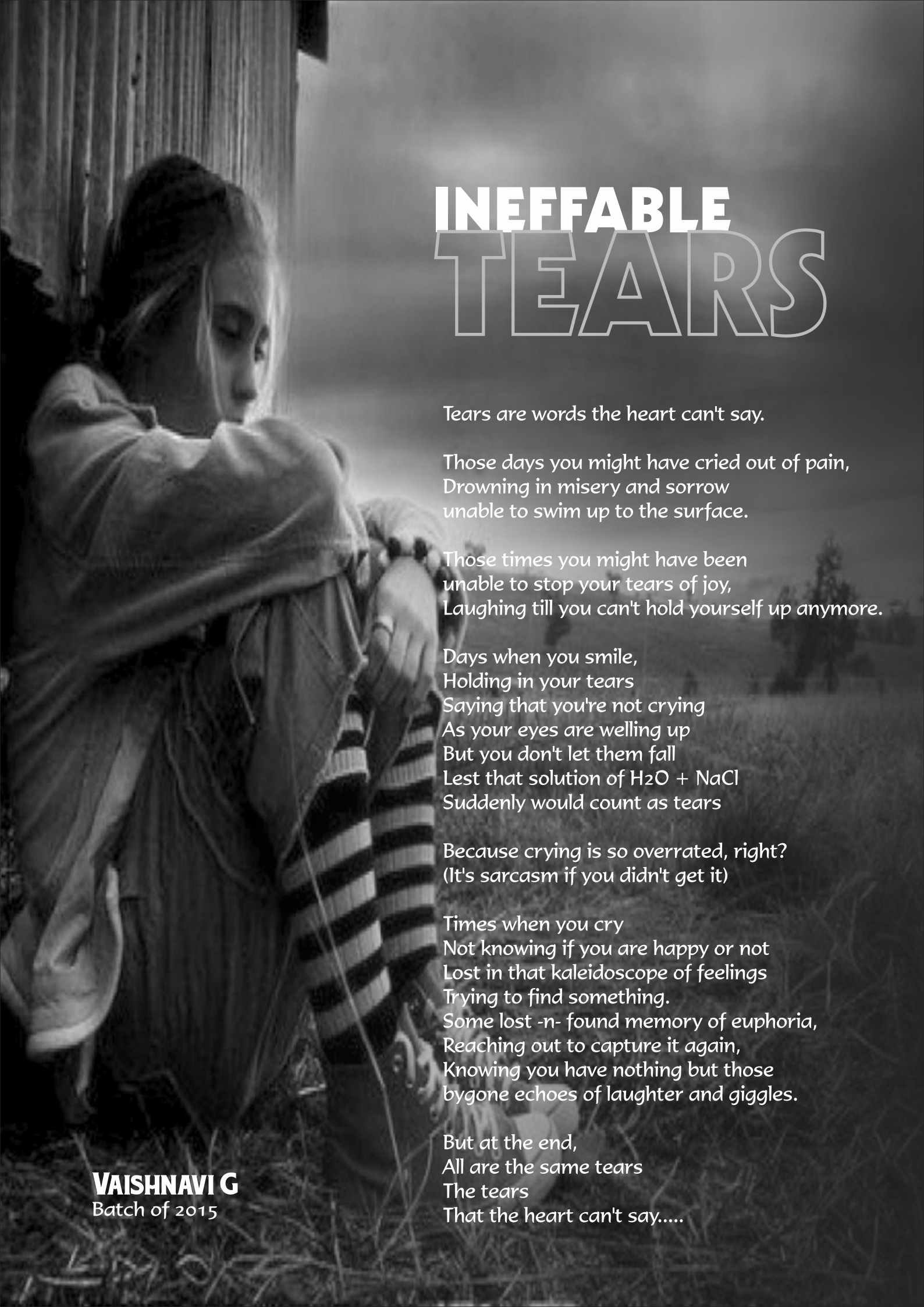
PIC 7 RAO PURVI PRAVIN, SHRANYA PRABHAKAR, PRATHEEKSHA,ARYAN PRATAP,KRITI KAUSHIK, MATHEW SEBASTIAN ZACHARIAS,,SAHEJ CHADHA,SUKANYA MENON, MUSKAN SHARMA

PIC 8 NIDHI KUMARI ,AMULYA JAIN,RHEA CHADHA, ARITI SINGH,ASHISH SHANKAR SHETTY,VISHAKHA GIRDHAR ,MARIYAM,POOJA NATARAJAN,ALISTER JOHN BRYAN CRASTO ,SHREYA BHAT ,PRAKRATI KAMATH ,PRATIK NANDKUMAR WATHORE

BLACK MIRROR



Black Mirror is a psycho-mix of horror stories for that spooky adrenaline rush when something goes bump in the night and a commentary on mental illnesses such as Anxiety disorders, suicidal tendencies etc that alarmingly affect the millenial generation.In this section, we have attempted to explore some dark and secretive corners of the everlasting mind.



INEFFABLE TEARS

Tears are words the heart can't say.

Those days you might have cried out of pain,
Drowning in misery and sorrow
unable to swim up to the surface.

Those times you might have been
unable to stop your tears of joy,
Laughing till you can't hold yourself up anymore.

Days when you smile,
Holding in your tears
Saying that you're not crying
As your eyes are welling up
But you don't let them fall
Lest that solution of H_2O + NaCl
Suddenly would count as tears

Because crying is so overrated, right?
(It's sarcasm if you didn't get it)

Times when you cry
Not knowing if you are happy or not
Lost in that kaleidoscope of feelings
Trying to find something.
Some lost -n- found memory of euphoria,
Reaching out to capture it again,
Knowing you have nothing but those
bygone echoes of laughter and giggles.

But at the end,
All are the same tears
The tears
That the heart can't say.....

VAISHNAVI G
Batch of 2015

Mirror Image

"It can't be all bad. The voice in my head sings when I can't listen to music and I want to." This is what she said when I told her that during panic attacks I can hear several voices in my head telling me to do very different things. "Oh! I like looking into the mirror. Makes me appreciate the fact that I can see, and have the means to afford a mirror." This is what she said when I told her that if I could do my hair without looking into the mirror, I would never even cross one.

Twins. They say that twins are similar in ways that only they can understand. Some say that they can even understand each other without words. Telepathy. I will oppose these baseless claims till I die because we aren't just a little different; we're polar opposites.

Now don't get me wrong, I don't hate her, mainly because I don't think I can. It does bother me that when I'm falling and want someone to catch me, she would tell me that free falls excite her, or that each fall is a new lesson. It's like she's a rainbow and I'm a dark void.

Our paths do converge at some point. Both of us love long drives. Clear skies. Wind that kisses our open hair and makes it messy. Trips. Walking in the graveyard at night and feasting on corpses once in a while. Beaches. Rock climbing. Yes, we find ways to be together.

Parul Nagar
Batch of 2016

Escape

Sitting on the enormous brown leather bean bag, sipping coffee from the "Miffy and friends" porcelain mug, I looked over at my brother's room reminiscing the time it was my own. Boxes scattered all around... The room sort of resembled a completely eaten corn cob.Shifting houses was one of the last things I'd enjoy doing, however, for one particular reason I couldn't wait but get out of this one. I remember my mother telling me what a misfit I was as a child and oh how much I used to fidget when she would dress me up in these typical frilled dresses that every mother would long to dress her child in. I never quite understood the concept of dressing up children in fancy clothes actually. It looked more like a competition between mothers than the comfort zone of the child. Everyone has plenty of childhood memories; some good, some unfortunate. I was one of the few who would detest being dressed up like a model for display. On the contrary, I enjoyed wearing my cousin's shorts and shoes with my hair up in a pony tail, chasing the crows that sipped water from the potholes outside the building lobby, just to get the satisfaction of being the superior entity. So many little, cheerful memories we hold when we are such innocent souls, unaware of the horrors this world has in store for us. Amongst the ruffle dresses and risk-filled park venturing plans, where we did nothing but touch the skies, a monster resided in the very house I longed to escape from; watching me in my little bubble of innocence and joy. We often hear about sexual assault and molestation on the news, even television shows for that matter but have you noticed how quickly our parents change the channels when we hear about them? "It's disturbing", they say but have you wondered if the child is already going through it without realising what's happening. "A stranger is not a friend" is something all parents undoubtedly must teach a child. Because your world could come crashing down within spilt seconds. Suddenly all the frilled dressed wouldn't matter, the manners wouldn't be needed because being that helpless doesn't permit you to process any thoughts. All you can think about is escaping. And that's exactly why I couldn't wait but escape from the house. From the horrors I faced in a place I created my precious memories.

RHEA FERNANDES
Batch of 2018

Painting by
SHRUTHI R.
Batch of 2018

SILENT SCREAMS

I have been lying in bed for hours now, twisting and turning trying to get some sleep. The eerie quietness is unsettling. The new house hasn't started feeling like a home yet, but I knew I had to get some rest.
I don't know when but I dozed off eventually.

I woke up startled from a bad dream, couldn't remember the details; my throat felt dry, I needed some water.
I got out of bed to get some water from the kitchen and picked up my blanket from the floor. I looked at the clock and it read 3. A chill ran across my spine, the irrational part of my brain was thinking about the devil's hour but I shooed that thought away and went to the kitchen.

I tried to switch on the light, but it was of no use...the bulbs needed changing. The streetlights provided bare enough to see. On my way down I heard something fall in the kitchen, must have been a rodent, nevertheless I was scared. I just wanted to go back to my bed. I reached the kitchen and was filling my glass when the back door started rattling, I gulped my water and went straight for the stairs , I didn't want my curiosity to harm me like in the stupid movies . On my way I saw the light upstairs was lit, surprised the bulb was working. I turned back to the kitchen and saw the door wasn't rattling. I went back to bed and was about to nod off when I felt my bed move, when I opened my eyes there were two shadow figures staring at me and third one coming from underneath my bed , it was too dark to see the details . Were they demons or just normal humans, I couldn't tell, the light was too dim. I was scared beyond comprehension. I opened my mouth to scream but it was in vain, I didn't have any neighbours and there won't be any passersby at this hour. I tried to make a run for it and I bolted. Out of the door, down the stairs and I reached my main door and saw it open, and I thought I might survive this. My hand reached the door knob, but all that hope went up in flames, I felt a strong grip on my shoulders and next thing I know I was being dragged back deeper into the house. I tried to escape but I couldn't loosen the grip, I kicked and punched around and screamed and tried to get a grip on the floor, all for no use. Next thing I felt was a strong pain on my head , I was struck on the head with something blunt , I couldn't feel the next few blows, my head was too fuzzy and I could feel myself fade .
I saw the final blow come straight for my face....

I woke up startled in my bed feeling very thirsty, I sighed in relief, and it was only a dream. My blanket was on the floor. I looked at the time, it read 2:59. I felt a chill down my spine,
Then .....I heard something underneath my bed.

SHARIQ IBRAHIM
Batch of 2018

IS THE WAR OVER?

"The first thing I remember is a deafening uproar and a wall of fire engulfing me. I can hear the ear splitting sounds of children screaming; it's so loud I can't even hear myself think. I try and run but my feet just won't budge, I am paralyzed. I feel a chill crawl up my spine despite the hot hell I am in and that is when I can feel myself falling.... falling....."

I hear my brother narrate the same weekly nightmare that he suffers from ever since he came back home, his eyes glassy and distant. It's been a year since he was diagnosed with PTSD (Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome) and even though the war is over and he has left the battlefield, the war still haunts him. I see him every day struggling to live in the real world, standing in the ashes of what he used to be.

When an axe wounds a tree the scar is visible for the world to see but when the rot sets in a tree it appears normal from the outside while the inside is gnawed away by the decay. That is exactly what a war leaves you with; a scary alternate world in your head. It's been two years since I heard the thunder of a bomb but to this day I still wonder whenever I look at my brother, is the war over yet?

VERALIKA CHAUDHRY
Batch of 2016

WHY NOT ME?

I still remember that phone call as if it was yesterday, that awful memory engraved in my mind. At 8:03 pm on 23rd September 2017 my little sister was hospitalized and at 10:40pm she died. A million memories flashed through my head; the first time I set my eyes on her and she took my finger in her tiny hands and held on to it. Her first chocolate, her first dance, her first words, and then chillingly I thought about all the firsts she would never have- her first friend, her first school, her first vacation... all the days I would have to endure without her.

I remember how she cried the first time I left for college, how my parents told me that she used to bang on my door every day in incoherent speech(she was just 18 months) willing me to magically come out from my room. It had taken her a few days to realize that the only place she could see me is on a screen. It's been a year and I can still hear her, I still stubbornly believe that I will her see her when I go back home, it's the only thing that keeps me from falling apart. I don't know if I can ever forgive myself for not going to her funeral but I could not see her lifeless cold body. The little fingers that once grabbed my fingers, unresponsive.

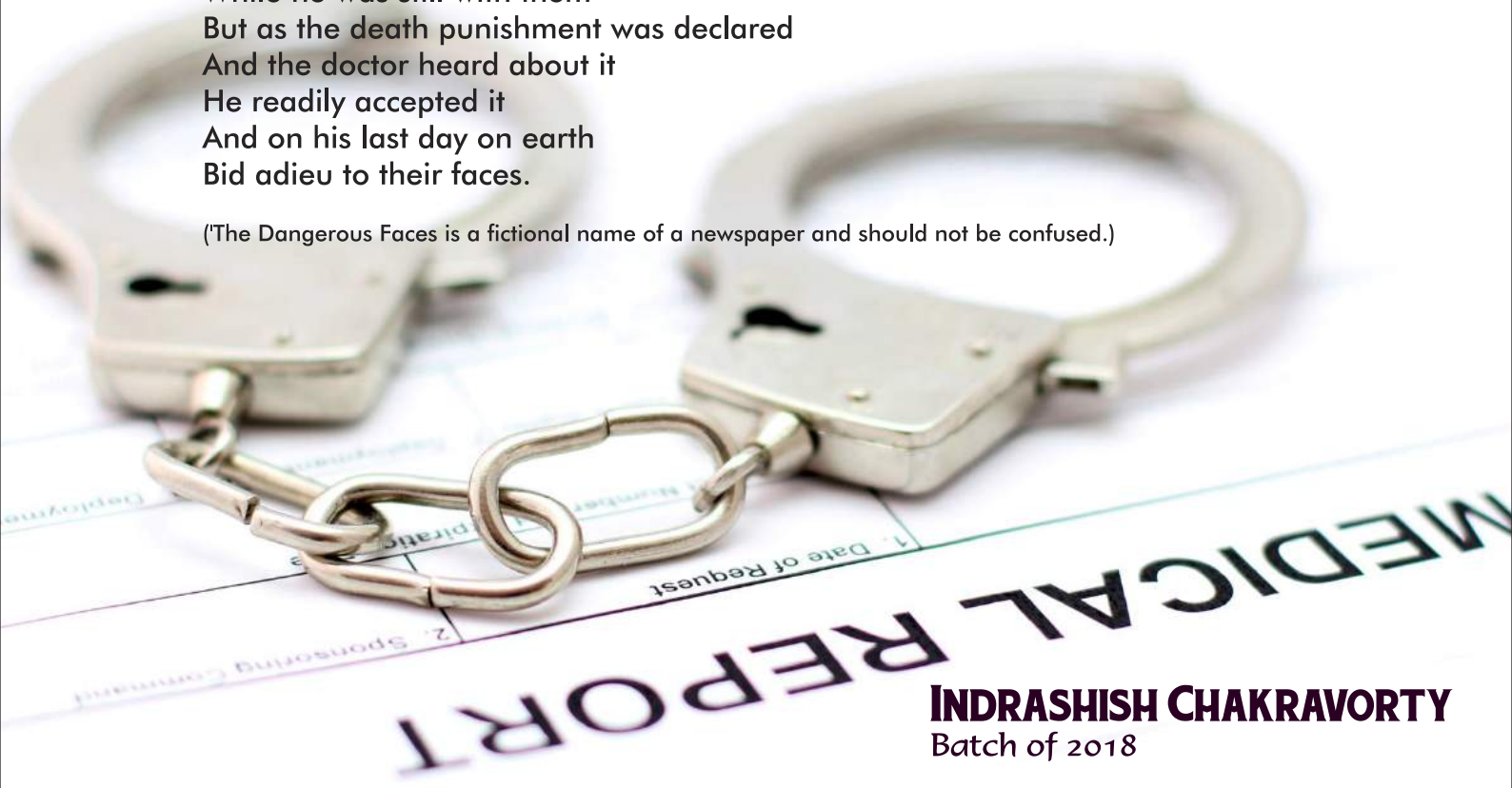
She had too much life left to see and every time I think of her and everything she would never experience. If I could I would take her place in a heartbeat. Maybe the pain will one day fade away but the one question that will always remain is: Why not me?

VERALIKA CHAUDHRY
Batch of 2016

"TAKEN FOR GRANTED"

'World's best surgeon
Turns killer of patients'
That's what was printed
On the front pages of 'The Dangerous Faces'*
There were protests on the streets
and people burning his pyres on roads
There was chaos all around
Which made the doctor
tense up to the core
And on the day of his hearing
While standing outside the steps of the court
Hate messages were given and
chants of death punishments were made
But he wasn't scared of these
As he had nerves of steel
'cause he knew whatever he was doing
was best for his family of three
'Cause it was an accident that occurred
due to one of his son's act in the operation theater
and to save his life
he had to give himself in
As the court proceedings went
For which he claimed to be the prime suspect
His life flashed in front of his eyes
About all the fun things he did
While he was still with them
But as the death punishment was declared
And the doctor heard about it
He readily accepted it
And on his last day on earth
Bid adieu to their faces.

('The Dangerous Faces is a fictional name of a newspaper and should not be confused.)



INDRASHISH CHAKRAVORTY
Batch of 2018

ERODED

Fingers lying idle
Eyes swollen voids
Neck burning on moving
Stare of the boredom.

You and I both know
That the Feelings are gone,
Lost in the lost,
That smile is superficial
The empty words spoken out
The energy, futile and shrouded
Like an illusion of death
A cloud.
Emanating from the broth of deceits
Have you swallowed it till now?
Or let the cloud surround you?
Have you thrown it away?
And found yourself in your crowd?

PANKHURI KHANNA
Batch of 2018

Yellow Flicker

There's a flickering yellow light,
In the alley,
by the corner,
guarded by flies and insects
constantly circling,
basking in the warmth provided.
You have only heard about the beauty of the city in the night,
tonight, you experience it.
You see it as you walk under the starry skies,
studded to perfection.
There's a familiar beat within your body,
similar to all the nights you have walked alone.
The predators never let your mother,
or your sister,
or your aunt,
walk with their head held high past 8 pm.
You walk, nevertheless,
hearing parallel footsteps with each of those you take,
hearing catcalls and whistles.
The drumbeat that your heart is trying to resonate,
has accelerated three fold.
Out through the alley of the flickering lights,
you see them coming.
They wear bright sarees, exceptionally standing out
as the studs that adorn the skies above you.
Their lips stained with colours so dark,
and hair adorned with jasmines.
You see women your family despise,
but tonight, you see corpses behind those extravagant colours.
You recognise the street where love is auctioned for a rupee or two,
but tonight you see the desperate, rock hard determination
of a mother earning for her child.
A daughter, to feed her family.
A wife,
who is forced into the whole ordeal.
You see them as they guide you towards your car, distracting the predators.
They led you in, close the door and advice you to keep off these streets.
You want to stay, listen to what their eyes say,
but instead you pass a smile, as you drive off.
There's a flickering yellow light,
in the alley, by the corner.

The corner where love is auctioned for a rupee or two.
The corner which smells like jasmine.
The corner where they sell their bodies,
in hopes of helping their helpless situations.
The corner where shameless fingers roam 16 year old bodies.
The corner, that unexpectedly became your guardian angel.
The yellow light still flickers,
and the night is still studded,
as the universe receives another prayer,
from this very alley.

Meera Manoj
Batch of 2018

In conversation with the WHIMSICAL, WITTY AND WISE

Dr. Shobha Rodrigues
HOD
Dept. of Prosthodontics

Which subject or practical in the course of BDS was your favourite and which was a nightmare to you?

In the course of BDS, my favourite subject was Pedodontics and Prosthodontics was a nightmare to me.

If not a dental surgeon, which profession would you have preferred?

I think a Mathematics teacher.

Are you active on social media? What do you prefer the most among WhatsApp, Facebook, Instagram and Twitter?

I am not very active on social media, but yes I am on WhatsApp.

What is your favourite holiday destination?

I don't have a favourite holiday destination as such, but I like to go to my village in Kalyanpur.

Dr. Ravikiran Ongole
HOD
Dept. of Oral Medicine and Radiology

Which subject or practical in the course of BDS was your favourite and which was a nightmare to you?

I really hated BDS course in general! Oral pathology was a nightmare. However, it's only in my Masters degree that I began to fall in love with Oral Medicine and Radiology, thanks to my teacher and mentor Dr. Keerthilata M. Pai. Today, I wouldn't trade anything else for oral medicine and radiology.

If not a dental surgeon, which profession would you have preferred?

If not a dental surgeon, I would choose to do farming.

Are you active on social media? What do you prefer the most among WhatsApp, Facebook, Instagram and Twitter?

I am absolutely...miles away from social media.

What is your favourite holiday destination?

My favourite holiday destination is Dublin, Ireland.

Batch of 2017

in

Harry Potter

ANSWER KEY

PIC 1: DEVYANI SHARMA, GULMEHAK KALSI, SACHIN ANIL GAWAHALE, SIMRAN AGARWALLA, RUCHIRA DAS, POULOMI GUHA, MADHU PRIYA

PIC 2: AKANKSHA SRIVASTAVA, SHIVALI YADAV, SURABHI SUMAN, VIDISHA, AINDRILA PAL, P. HARITHA

PIC 3: TOP ROW: SIDDHARTH MISHRA, RAHUL SRIVASTAVA, AMRUTHA SURENDRAN

BOTTOM ROW: KISHAN PAUL RAJA,JATIN KUMAR PATRA, SUVARNA KAVYA HARISH, AISHWARYA S, VISHAKHA KUMAR MENDIRATTA, PARTHIVEE SHARMA,AKASH ADAK,DEBOLINA BISHAYI ,PRANAV SHYAM MURTHY ,SHRUTI SINGH,SUBHALAXMI SARANGI,SOURABH GHOSH

PIC 4 HARSHIMA U. KRISHNA,GISHAL CORDEIRO, NOEL RODRIGUES, AYSHA RUKHSANA, SHARON ELSA MATHEW, SHIKHA, ASHI BAKSHI, ,AISHWARYA CHAKRAVARTY , JYOTSNA C, NAFEESATH ASFARA ABDUL BASHEER, SAMADRITA KUNDU

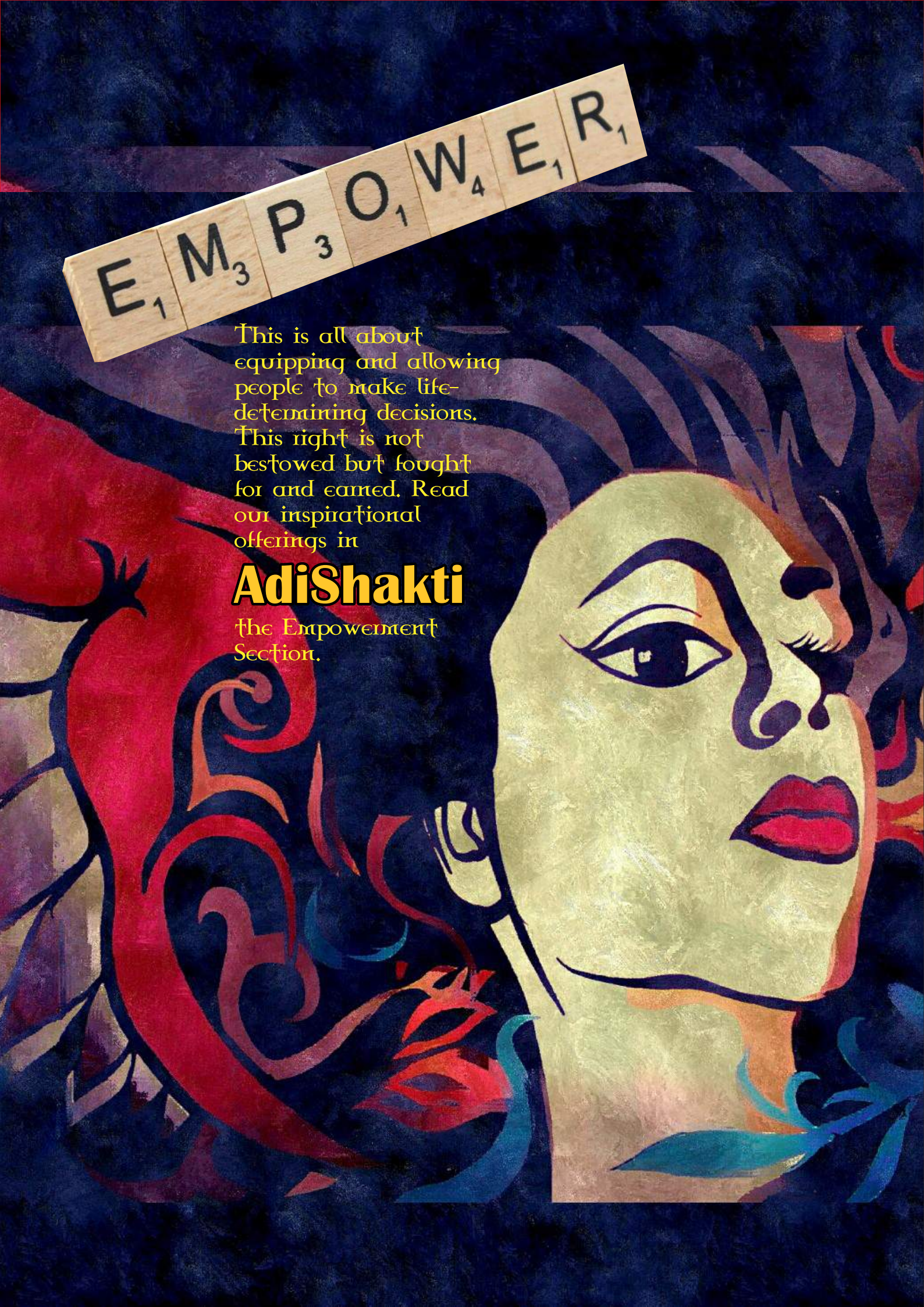
PIC 5 KUSHAGGR RASTOGI, ADARSH NINAN SAM, ANAMITRA CHANDRA, RUPSA TARAPHDER ,POOJA CHAUDHARY ,AISHWARYA UNNI

PIC 6: SACHAN ANUBHA, ASHWINI ANAND KAMAT, SARA NASEER, R. SIDHARTH, ANUBHA SINGH,HEMA , RITU YADAV, GARIMA CHAUDHARY

PIC 7: ARADHYA SINHA, SAYAN DAS, SUBHAM DAS, KRUTI, PERI VISWANADH, SNEHA S, REKHA DHAMI, MARTONI DUTTA, MAHEN NAIK, RADHIKA RANJITH

PIC 8: TOP ROW: TUHINA KHATRI

BOTTOM ROW: SHILPA MURALI, MUSKAN PATHAK, DIKSHA CHAURASIA, SHIVANGI DIXIT, NIRLIPTA SATAPATHY, ROOPAL LAL



This is all about equipping and allowing people to make life-determining decisions. This right is not bestowed but fought for and earned. Read our inspirational offerings in

AdiShakti

the Empowerment Section.

EDUCATE THE GIRL CHILD

SHARIQ IBRAHIM
Batch of 2018

"Girls should never be afraid to be smart"
That is a quote by the very famous Emma Watson. Now, when you hear that name what you think of is her role in a popular franchise or how stunning she is to look at. What many people overlook is the fact that she has a bachelor's degree from an esteemed College which was hard to attain due to her acting career and her many philanthropic efforts to (ironically) promote education for the girl child. Such is the nature of our current society, even after many attempts at reform and continuous spread of awareness, many people still believe the destiny of a lady is to be a mother then a grandmother and so on. Many forget that it was our mother who taught us when we were kids, our first words were the ones we learnt from hearing her talk. It should never be overlooked that our first teacher was none other our mother who was once a little girl too. Imagine the degree of liability if the teacher who taught us the foundations our thoughts were not educated. When a family decides to send a 3 year old girl to school they aren't just educating their daughter, but also her children. There are still innumerable amount of problems in this world. Isn't there a greater chance of redemption if the amount of people willing to provide ideas and thoughts were double. Or is the phrase 'There is strength in numbers' a complete lie? We have been taught in biology, the chances of having a boy or a girl is equal. Hence we expect the number of women and men at most scenarios to be equal. This is not the case when to it comes to most jobs. Most of the occupations are currently held by men. These are due to many factors, but a major contributor is the fact that our society expects woman to start a family rather than complete her studies and pursue the career she worked so hard for. Even cooking, an errand stereo typically given to women is not welcoming to the same when it comes to the place of work. But an occupation where we do see a lot of women is the teaching sector. The person after our mother and father who taught us and made us who we are and also influenced who will become. The importance of educating every single child, whether a boy or a girl has never been more understood than as of right now. Efforts are being made by many organisations, international and national to make sure every child receives what is seen as one of the most basic needs, a right ; the right to education. I will end this with a quote from a fellow lady who worked hard and fought life threatening scenarios to provide education for the girl child ..." One child

'One teacher
One book
One pen
Can change the world'

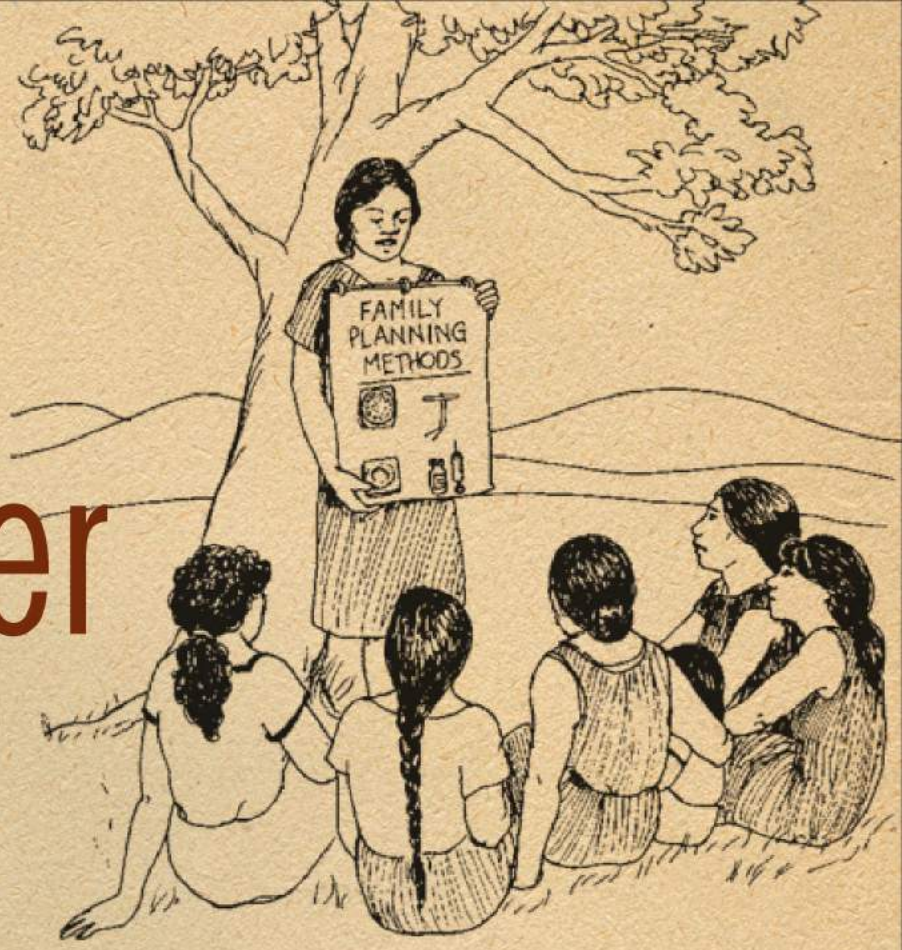
- Malala Yousafzai

My Pink Anecdote

From gender reveal videos to infant clothing, Everything has got me wondering, why pink for girls and blue for boys?I discovered why,Starting with early 19th century, where kids were dressed usually in white or in simple colored fabrics, the design then were reasonable with easy access. Through mid 19th century, colors came to play but to my surprise, girls were made to wear blue as its symbolic of being dainty and delicate whereas boys in pink as it was considered a strong color before being associated to females, according to the Times magazine.Post world war 2, General Eisenhower took over, and this is said to play an important role in the history of color coding genders. Thereafter, Maime Eisenhower wore a rhinestone studded pink ball gown as she loved the color pink. Back in time it was also referred to as Maime pink. After this, brands and fashion icons were motivated to experiment with the color. From the 'plastics' in Mean Girls toHillary Clinton in the People's magazine, everything dripped fuchsia just like my gifts.Around 1984 when sonography revealed gender, the market started taking full advantage of color coding infant clothing as eager parents would buy everything in either pink or blue pre birth.The switch from boys wearing pink to girls wearing pink was very gradual and has no rational reasoning as to why it happened but the next time someone calls pink sensitive, you know it isn't.

PRANJALI JOSHI
Batch of 2018

Empower Women



Imagine there is a box. You have no idea about what's inside the it. It is completely up to you to open it. From fantasy, if we recall correctly, it didn't work out too well for Pandora. Now imagine, there is a box. You are aware of the contents within it. Wouldn't you weigh the pros and cons and decide to go ahead about opening the box?

Any sane person would.

Now, if this box contained freedom of education to all regardless of race, class or sex, would you or would you not open it?

Ages, long ago (or not?), people were educated only if they were privileged enough. We probably might have discovered the light bulb a hundred years before it actually was, only if everyone were given that opportunity. If you weigh in the pros and cons of educating all the masses, you wouldn't really discover any cons, except the one where everyone ceases to exist because a certain 'someone' decided they did not like people.

If we look at the current scenario, we've come a long way. Women are educated. Women work. Women get a vote. Times have really changed for the better of us. So, despite all that, why is gender inequality still an issue? Because, as a privileged sector of a society, I am writing this article clearly never having experienced a gender bias in school or at home.

Women in the rural part of our country still face a gender discrimination and do not go to schools. They are so unaware of their rights as humans that they do not even question the fact they aren't allowed to study.

We have seen the feminism movement make wonders in the recent past, but we've also seen it get heavily criticized . I believe it is because of the fact that the entire movement today is represented by hate and backlash against men. It is more about women taking to social media and complaining instead of doing something about the actual problem at hand.

In an ideal utopia, seeing gender equality seems a possibility. But in this current age, we're far away from it.

The only way we could get women educated without bias is when all sectors of society believe in it. Creating awareness in rural areas, explaining to the women concerned about why they must be educated and making everyone look at the big picture.

If we can all move past the hate and just truly believe that every individual despite their race, class, religion or gender deserves to be treated equally, that is when the world is going to be a better place to live in.

PRIYANKA KAMATH
Batch of 2018

Hold On Pain Ends

An open letter to everyone who needs it

There are things I don't want to let you know.

Big things. Horrible things.

Things I don't think you will ever be able to comprehend. Things I want to protect you from, but don't know whether I can.

You will have nights wherein your confused mind begs you to sleep despite your stinging eyes shooting open at every thought that leaves a void in your soul. You will see sunrises and realize that no matter how tough life is, you are always given a second chance.
You will have your heart broken to a great extent and I wish to be there to help you sew it back together. But remember, even when the shade of hope that encircles your soul diminishes, and the burning sun blazes itself into your wounds, never break down. The rain is yet to come...And when it does, let it wash through you thoroughly. Let your skin recognize it, and realize that 'burning' is not the only sensation it will receive.

You will find yourself staying up at night, putting in effort to do something, only to fail miserably. You will find yourself in the deepest and the darkest pit of despair, with your thoughts emptying all that's positive within you. But remember that the sun's rays are often filtered due to the imposing of the clouds. Your clouds are yet to clear.

So when all these thoughts clog your mind and the words that you want to scream get stuck at your throat...and when the tears you want to shed out just wouldn't budge, remember that you always have a place to call home. A place you can always come back to. A place that you can always call yours.

A place, which will always stay strong and rooted, even when all your mind's a tsunami tending to drown everything and everyone near it.

MEERA MANOJ
Batch of 2018

SHATTERING REALITY

I remember looking in the mirror
Not at a face
but a stack of imperfections
A million things that I'd change
all to hide my truth
beneath a mask of paragon

I remember looking in the mirror
at a reflection I refused to embrace
A bulge in my belly...
A body too skinny
and a size too small for social norms
Unsure of who I am
and a bit too ungrateful to myself

I remember looking in the mirror
To find that anguish and suffering
were only the warning signs
That self love is tough
And to unlearn being harsh to
oneself is even more

I now look in the mirror
To glance at my blemished skin
And stroke my frizzy hair
Getting to know myself
while I chuckle a little at my crooked nose

I now look in the mirror
with acceptance
To heal myself
and release all limits
To let the love flow unconditionally
to my being.

I hope one day I look in the mirror
with affection
To smile back at my reflection
Without urging for perfection
To tap myself on the back
without noticing the pigmentation
To not hide myself behind layers
of silks and of prayers
To slow down for a moment and
just care.

SUHANI JINDAL
Batch of 2014

Charities to Cherish

Let me break this down sequentially...as an energetic first year green horn, I literally went helter- skelter to sell DISHA coupons, raising funds.....the aftermath – sitting sequestered in the Diwali party in a stall selling cupcakes! I consoled myself and reminded myself-"It's a lot of responsibility and a reverential affair as well...it's all for the cause"

Next year, as an enthusiastic second year and as the newly elected "DISHA representative" of our batch...the rigorous coupon work and toy collection for "VSO Daan Utsav" started in full swing...whether you would refer to it as, 'convincing' , 'educating' or 'inspiring'...The outcome was the same, sacrificing another Diwali party meant for having fun---to working dedicatedly, by selling aroma candles, succulents, DISHA badges and calenders, again...All for a cause.

You know what? sacrificing on partying and merrymaking is not disheartening....what tears you apart are these bitter comments such as, "We also got the same DISHA certificates as yours.....is the amount of money you raised written in your certificate?...Aree yeh toh time ki barbadi hai...mat karo.....Paise hain magar nahi karni charity"

By this time you might be turning your eyes to the header of the page , re – reading the title .....don't worry...charity is cherishable though...in a different way....in a rather personal way.

"To every doomed despondency, we brought a smile back
To those affectionate eyes, for all the cake boxes we unpack.
Every rehabilitation resident whom we touched cords with,
Our gifted joy, they lacked.
To all the sweat and toil, I underwent for them...
A pledge I take- thou enthusiasm not shall lack"

Cutting it really short...there is something more to DISHA (Direction in Society for Human Awareness), something more to VSO, something more than charity and something more important than your Curriculum Vitae as well...be brave to fight with yourself, your conscience, your heart and your mind...because in the end all that matters is, your kindness and how humble you are. I would like to conclude with a quote, "To ease another's heartache is to forget one's own"

-Abraham Lincoln

AKASH ADAK
(Batch of 2017)

In conversation with the WHIMSICAL, WITTY AND WISE

Dr. Deepa G. Kamath
HOD
Dept. of Periodontology

Which subject or practical in the course of BDS was your favorite and which was nightmare to you?
My Favorite subject was periodontology and nightmare was definitely Conservative Dentistry.
If not a dental surgeon which profession would you have preferred?
If not a dental surgeon, I would choose to become a Physician.
Are you active on social media? What do you prefer most among WhatsApp, Facebook, Instagram and Twitter?
Not very active on social media but I prefer using Facebook.
Which is your favourite holiday destination?
Favourite holiday destination would be Singapore.

Dr. Ravindra Kotian
HOD
Dept. of Dental Materials

Which subject or practical in the course of BDS was your favorite and which was a nightmare to you?
I have not done the BDS Course, so I would say Physics was my favourite and Mathematics was a nightmare.
If not a dental surgeon which profession would you have preferred?
May be a clerk in a bank or in an industry.
Are you active on social media? What do you prefer most among WhatsApp, Facebook, Instagram and Twitter?
Not active on social media, but I follow some politicians and journalists on Twitter.
Which is your favourite holiday destination?
No favorite holiday destination as such, but I like to spend time watching news channels including Animal Planet and National Geographic.

Batch of 2016

in

The Chronicles of Narnia

THE CHRONICLES OF
NARNIA
PRINCE CASPIAN

NARNIA
KING CASPIAN

ANSWER KEY

PIC 1: VEDANT, SARANYA, KARTIK NAGPAL, SHILPA JOHNSON, JASON, RAJESHWARI, RITU, SRINIJA
PIC 2: SWATHI, VANI MANASA, SAMREEN, RACHANA BALIGA, NIMALKA
PIC 3: KUMAR YASH, CHRISTINA, DEVIKA, KARTHIK SURESH, KRIPA, MANPREETH, AKSHARA
PIC 4: VIDISHA, KIRAN BAHETI, AYUSHMA, AMRIT, KOUSTAV, KAVEESHA, RUPESH, KOCHUTHRESI
PIC 5: PRIYANKA K, MARIA, ARCHANA, SUBHASHREE, VENNELA, NILISHA, DEBANGANA
PIC 6: VAISHNAVI, RAJAT, DRISYA, AKANKSHA
PIC 7: LEEBA, MANASA, MRIDULA, RUKSAR, ANILA, MAHIMA
PIC 8: SHASHANK, ANURAG K, LALIT, VERALIKA, ANURAG M, SMITI VERMA
PIC 9: TOP: YASH MUSALE, SHREYA SINHA, SHUBHAM SHARMA
BOTTOM: GAYATRI PALKAR, DIVYA
PIC 10: DEEPA, TSAIMIN, SANJAY, BHARATH, SAMANVITHA, SAPTHAMI, HIMALI, AIMAN
PIC 11: AMRITA, SADHEEKA, DEVAPRIYA, SHUBHAM PRINCE, DAMINI, BAGMAYEE, ANGELICA
PIC 12: TOP ROW: SATARUPA, GAYATRI B, SATAKSHI, REENA, SHEFALI ROY, PRACHI
MIDDLE ROW: TAMANNA, RESHMI, KIRAN VB
BOTTOM ROW: SMRITHI SOMAN, LIPIKA, TUSHEEL
PIC 13: SHEFALI SINGH, PURVA RASANE, SREYA DUTTA, REETI
PIC 14: TOP: PARUL, MAHALAKSHMI, KANNAN, SHAMA, AKHIL
BOTTOM: SAMIKHYA, HARIKA

Manali

Childhood is a phase full of memories, happy, sad, and what not. We always cherish the best memories of our youngerselves. I was a child who loved travelling. The best memory I could recall is going on a vacation with my parents and elder brother to Manali. The vacation was a day long road trip from New Delhi to Manali, Himachal Pradesh. We could feel the temperature getting colder by every 50 km that we covered . As it was the month of March, the spring was at it's peak and so was the joy of celebrating Holi with snow for the first time. We stopped at various temples along the way which were famous for their architecture and obviously for the feast they offered, which included piping hot 'Kheer and Puri', and 'milk and porridge'. The snow covered surrounding made the food all the more tasty. As we checked in to our rooms, we were offered a warm welcome drink which was the best fusion beverage I have ever tasted. We sat, we relaxed and talked about the events we had planned for the next day. Next day, the temperature being about 4 degrees, gave us the chills we came for. We went skiing at a hill nearby, which got us tired. Afterwards, we had breakfast at a restaurant nearby. Then, we went to the Kullu hill, a very famous hill of the town and a major tourist spot. We explored the whole place, appreciated the serenity, peace and the flora and fauna of the hill. As I love clicking photographs, I took a few hundred of them which included landscapes, night mode shots, micro and macro photography shots. To my surprise, it had started getting warmer., because of the sun during the day. And the snow, now had started to melt, which blocked our way back to the hotel. The driver was upset as he was worried about his car, my dad was upset and concerned for us. Mom was praying as usual and my elder brother was fast asleep. I, on the other hand found this dangerous situation to be a new adventure. But looking into the mood of the other four people, I kept my thoughts to myself. Soon the villagers from nearby came and started selling 'Tea and Maggi' a famous evening snack over there. Me, being quite a fan of both could not resist my taste buds. So i purchased a plate for myself. And believe you me, I had the best maggi of my life, sitting in the lap of Himalayas and almost blocked by snow. There was no greater pleasure for me rather than enjoying a plate of hot soupy maggi and sipping tea at 7 in the evening. After a while, the concerned authorities came with big lifting machines to get the snow out of the way. It took a while for them to remove thick sheets of snow. As the path was cleared, the traffic made it's way through and so did we, back to our hotel room. Believe it or not it was one of the best road trips of my life and I always look forward to making more such memories in life.

KUSHAGRA SACHDEVA
Batch of 2018

TRAVEL

Travel for me is more than a hobby; it has an emotional touch. My grandfather loved travelling, every summer holidays he would make plans and all the cousins and relatives would travel places. I used to love those train journeys making so many memories. After grandfather's death, those plans were never made. That's when I realized that travelling was his way of keeping people close to each other. I miss him and his travel plans. My grandfather is the reason I love travelling. Every time I travel, I like to believe that he is with me, seeing places through my eyes. Travel plans with cousins stopped but I never stopped travelling. I have travelled to Gujarat, Rajasthan, Tirupati, Someshwar, Kanyakumari, Vaishnodevi and so on. These plans were with my family so most of the travel trips were at the historic forts and temples. Nevertheless I enjoyed these trips a lot.

I believe that travelling does bring people closer. Travel with your family or with your friend and see that the bond gets fresh and better. But I must say that once in a while, travel alone. That will make you feel closer to yourself. Travelling is not just about seeing places and its beauty. It's more than that. It's about finding yourself, your beauty, and your hidden emotions. It's about how a place makes you feel. You learn something new about yourself every time you visit a new place. Sometimes it's so comforting to be in a new place where no one knows you or your problems or your past. For a while you get to forget everything and start fresh.

Personally, I like to travel places with nature. I am not much into sky touching buildings or forts or temples. I feel, whatever nature offers is real and pure. We and our lives work on the rules of nature, not on the rules of man. So I love beaches, waterfalls, mountains, sanctuaries.

When I went to Vaisnodevi with my family, best part of the trip was not the temple but was walking from the ground to the top of the mountain where the temple was built. Walking uphill with mountains all around, it was a beautiful view I will always remember.

Travelling is about letting yourself out and facing all your fears and emotions you have been avoiding, feel that freedom, and feel the comfort. If you look closely every city teaches you something. Travelling can teach you about yourself, about others and their lives more than anything else.

So, the next time you travel, look closely and see what the city has to offer you and most importantly don't forget to let yourself out.

RITU YADAV
Batch of 2017

Mangaluru nammuru DIARIES

'Travelling-it leaves you
speechless, then turns you into
a story teller'
by IBN BATTUTA

Whether it is the crystal shelled waters of the coconut islands(also called Saint Mary's island)or the breathtakingly scenic view from the hilltop lighthouse at kaup, the phosphorescence seen at Mattu beach, or the sequestered "Shiv mandir" basking at the Someshwaram beach. These are some places travellers rarely visit.
Manglore or Udupi for the first time...Needless to mention the first place I visited was none of the places mentioned above...Yes!! The guess is correct. Took a 60 buck auto ride from the
hoarding which says-"KMC CENTRE OF BASIC SCIENCES....." to Sultan Battery , obviously
the jetty leading us to one of the most freqented places by all students- "TannirUbhavi" beach and yes theres'a stress in the 7th syllable of the word U , the often
forgotten ,non pronounced colloquial phonetic. It is often the monotony of polishing the good old "P.O.P" cubes, or cleaning the mac intosh after a waxup warfare, or fetid satisfaction of pricking someones finger...that is the time ideal for a short trip. No
point in giving excuses...that's the reason I travel...to rid myself of the weariness...abysmal it may seem. I remeber how frightful and anxious I was while climbing up the spiral staircases in the Lighthouse at kaup.I remember wating for my first ever "shawrma" at the Shalimars. I remember witnessing the most beautiful sunsets at the Holy Hill...I remember the joy of spotting a Malabar Parakeet at Pilikula Zoological garden...and of course gorging on the Chicken ghee roast at ONYX!
Have you ever heard of something....behind Lighthouse subjacent to the rock carved stairs,jutting and camoflourging its glory with palm trees. I know that seems bizarre but the next time you visit kaup, do look for this cave- its a triangular embarkment open at two orifices , fine salted granite rocks, mossy floors and a beautiful view. I prefer it calling "My Own" cave ..but hey who knows.....
Have you seen the Mund Sarp at Kadrimanjunathan temple?.....wait wait wait ....there are
endless travel anecdotes to share...but not enough pages...so cutting it crisp –"Don't listen to what they say. Go and see!"

AKASH ADAK
(Batch of 2017)

Exploring America in 30 days

In the summer of 2017, I made my first ever trip to the States. My family and I were attending the wedding of my cousin brother. We landed at JFK and it took an hour to reach my aunt's house in New Jersey. The first few days after we arrived, were filled with wedding prepserations...with the usual "teaching the groom to tie the thaali" and so on. We took a road trip to Detroit where the wedding was held and in order to get there, we travelled through the states of Pennsylvania and Ohio. My cousin's wedding was one of the most beautiful weddings I had ever seen. The wedding night ended with a reception where all of us 'cousins' danced the night away on the floor. We left Detroit the next morning and were on our way back to New Jersey.

My first official touring of NYC was the following day as my cousins took us to Central Park and I stood by the fountain reminiscing about Blair and Serena from the famous TV show 'Gossip Girls'. That was the moment it struck me that I was in the INCREDIBLE, the ONE AND THE ONLY....United States of America! On that night, we went to a place where stand-up comedy was being held which I didn't enjoy, as it was pretty much racist half the time, in my defense. The next few days were mostly about us going out to meet other families nearby, the usual grocery shopping and trying out typical food items and some cuisines including authentic burritos, pretzels, frozen yogurt, bubble tea and Chinese takeaways.

The highlight of our was trip came was when my Uncle booked us seats for a three day bus ride covering the whole of New York and Washington. The first ever stop was in Upstate New York where we stopped to explore a certain cave with a low ceiling, which we had walked through hoping to find a waterfall at the end of it, which we did. But to our dismay it was a man-made 'waterfall-like' structure.

The next stop was, the Niagara Falls! And Oh boy...it was one of the most beautiful sights I have ever set my eyes on. Being a combination of three waterfalls, it overlaps between the cities of New York and Ontario. We took the Maid of the Mist voyage boat to the falls and it sure was a pleasure to our eyes. The next day, the bus was on the way to Washington where we spent our time exploring the Lincoln Memorial, Washington Monument and the White House. The thing about Washington that attracted me the most was the architecture of their buildings-majestic and simple at the same time. That's how our 'three day' bus ride came to an end.

The next day we went to watch a musical of Jonah from the Bible in Sight and Sound Theatre, Pennsylvania. It was a few days later that we went to NYC and walked through the ever famous Times Square which was one of the places on my bucket list. We then walked around the city seeing Brooklyn Bridge and we took a boat to go around Statue of Liberty following which we went to see the 9/11 Memorial , the World Trade Center and the Empire State Building. As I stood near the memorial reading the names of the departed people, listening to the gushing water, I thought of those who did not know of their impending death.

On the second last day of our trip, we had gone to upstate NY for apple picking as it was customary in my uncle's family every summer. And the next day was the day we had to leave. As I stood packing in my room, I rewinded the entire trip in my mind. I still remember the perception I had about Americans but everyone whom I had come across were nothing but hospitable and jovial...and the trip totally threw me off that mindset. We had stayed for a month in the States and had covered about six states in our short visit and with that, we went back home with our bucket lists checked off.

LEEBA MATHEW
(Batch of 2016)

In conversation with the WHIMSICAL, WITTY AND WISE

Dr. Neeta Shetty
HOD
Dept. of Conservative Dentistry

Which subject or practical in the course of BDS was your favourite and which was a nightmare to you?
My favourite subject was Conservative and favourite practical was Prosthodontics. For me, Oral Surgery was a nightmare.

If not a dental surgeon, which profession would you have preferred?
If not a dental surgeon, I would've chosen to become a lawyer.

Are you active on social media? What do you prefer the most among WhatsApp, Facebook, Instagram and Twitter?
I am most active on WhatsApp.

What is your favourite holiday destination?
My favourite holiday destination would be Rajasthan.

Dr. Arvind R.
HOD
Dept. of Oral Surgery

Which subject or practical in the course of BDS was your favourite and which was a nightmare to you?
My favourite subject during BDS was Prosthodontics. I used to find teeth setting, carving, wax up and the various procedures that go into making a new sheet of dentures very interesting. The most difficult subject was oral surgery!

If not a dental surgeon, which profession would you have preferred?
If not a dental surgeon, maybe I would've been a musician!

Are you active on social media? What do you prefer the most among WhatsApp, Facebook, Instagram and Twitter?
I am most active on social media, though sparingly. I prefer WhatsApp.

What is your favourite holiday destination?
My favourite holiday destination would be a sunny beach!

Batch of 2015

in

Lord of the Rings

Isac G.
Tolkien's
The Fellowship of the Ring

THE
LORD
OF THE
RINGS
TM

PIC 1 TOP ROW: BARATH KUMAR R,RITVI ARVIND ,KRITI SHANKAR

BOTTOM ROW: SHILPA MATHEW, SHUBHANGI GUPTA, UMANG RAI, ELINA SRIVASTAVA, MADHU SHARMA, SREEJEETA DEY

PIC 2: TOP ROW: VIDUSHI GUPTA, SHOHINI SAHA, SHALEEN TRIPATHI, V APARNA

BOTTOM ROW: NIHARICKA GOPALAKRISHNAN, MRINAL,ASHISH KAPOOR, SHRISHTY BHARDWAJ, TUHIN GUPTA

PIC 3: ANSHITA GULATI, AARTHI CHAND, GAURAV CHOUDHARY, ABHINAV KHATURIA, HARSHAN D

PIC 4: CLOCKWISE: AKASH SUDHIR JAIN, ROOPAL RACHEL THOMAS, MEGHA MUKHERJEE, GAURAV RAWAT, DHARITRI CHAKRABORTY, SOMYA TYAGI, MANASVI WANGNOO, DEEKSHA DAS

PIC 5: CLOCKWISE: AYAN BHADRA RAY, SANSKRITI ARORA, SUBHAM AGRAWAL, BHABNA MOHANTY, FARHEEN ZAFAR,ANJU MARY MATHEW

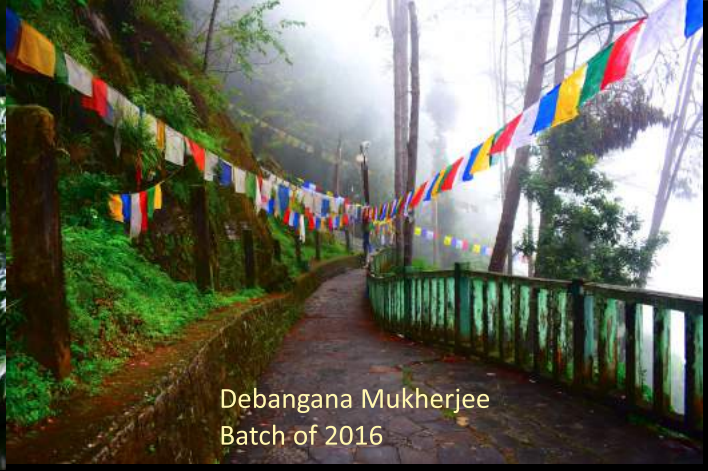
PIC 6: L-R : LOKESH SAI ,SALONI SINHA, SHRIYA GARG, KRITIK GOYAL, NIVEDHA MENON, ANISETTY MEGHANA ,SHREYA MISHRA, MAHIMA S K SS BABU, KRISHNA PRIYA, M CHANDRIKA, RITUPARNA PRONAJIT DAS, STUTI MISHRA, MUDIT SHARMA

PIC 7: MOHAMMAD BASITH NP, NARASIMHA, SAAGARIKA, ANANYA NERALLA, JEWEL JOSE, POOJA NETALKAR, GUNDETI VAISHNAVI, SUNNY PAUL, SRISHTY PUNDIR

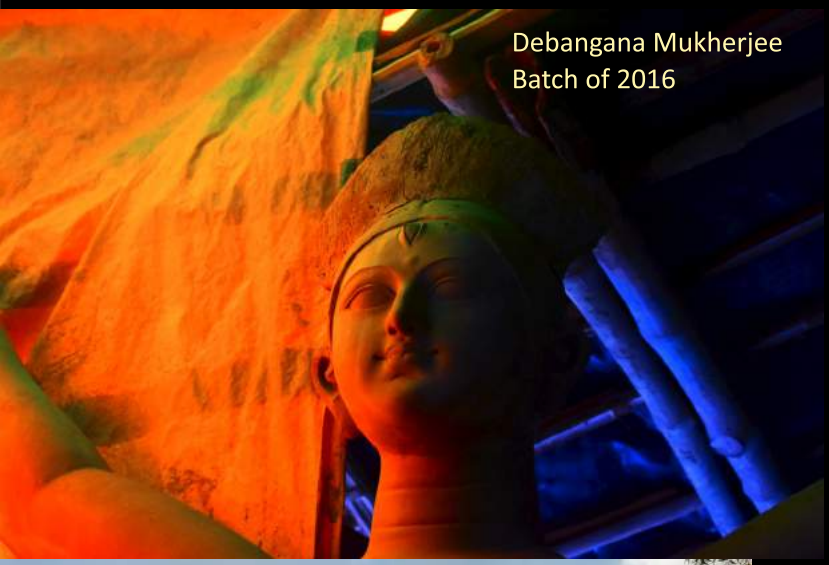
Who can deny the poignancy of a moment captured forever by a camera lens? Enjoy this visual extravaganza in the Photography section,

SHUTTER BUG

Debangana Mukherjee
Batch of 2016



Debangana Mukherjee
Batch of 2016



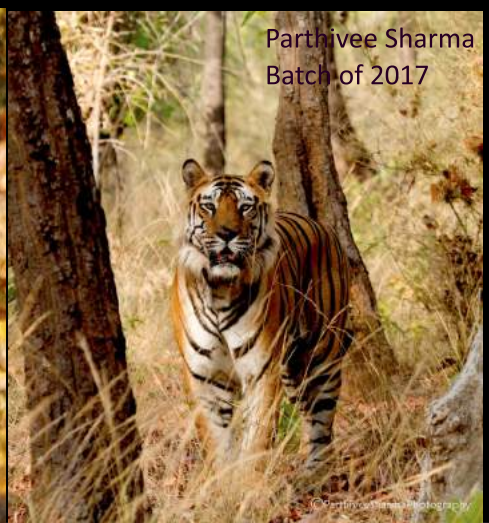
Debangana Mukherjee
Batch of 2016

Rahul
Batch of 2017

Debotri Basu
Batch of 2014

Bidushi Ganguli
Batch of 2014

Devanarayanan N
Batch of 2018



Parthivee Sharma
Batch of 2017

Debangana Mukherjee
Batch of 2016

Devanarayanan N
Batch of 2018

Bidushi Ganguli
Batch of 2014

Rahul
Batch of 2017

Devanarayanan N
Batch of 2018

In conversation with the

WHIMSICAL, WITTY AND WISE

Dr. Srikanth N.
HOD
Dept. of Oral Pathology

Which subject or practical in the course of BDS was your favourite and which was a nightmare to you?

In BDS, I used to like Orthodontics and Oral Pathology. Maybe Orthodontics because I used to like wires and I used to make earrings out of them. I used to get caught very often. In OP I used to be fascinated by the various colours that used to come. But the nightmare was undoubtedly Prosthodontics, because it was very messy and I could rarely work properly with plaster and wax models.

If not a dental surgeon, which profession would you have preferred?

If not a dental surgeon, I would probably become a taxi driver maybe? Or maybe I would end up teaching Mathematics or Physics. I wouldn't have gone into research, had it not been for dentistry. Dentistry has brought me into research.

Are you active on social media? What do you prefer the most among WhatsApp, Facebook, Instagram and Twitter?

I was actually active on Facebook. I've never used Instagram or Twitter. But, it used to take up a lot of my time. I like WhatsApp because it is more personal and can be used professionally as well. I feel it is a necessity now.

What is your favourite holiday destination?

Anywhere with my family will be my favourite destination. I like to travel around India, abroad is more of a fascination.

Dr. Rajesh G.
HOD
Dept. of Public Health Dentistry

Which subject or practical in the course of BDS was your favourite and which was a nightmare to you?

My favourite subject was Conservative Dentistry and Endodontics as I was always fascinated by root canal treatment. Nightmare was Prosthodontics at that point because we didn't have Indian guides or simplified books. We used to follow foreign author textbooks which were really thick and complicated to understand.

If not a dental surgeon, which profession would you have preferred?

I always wanted to be a doctor so I guess if not a dental surgeon. I had actually applied to homeopathic medical colleges so I would have probably been a homeopathician .

Are you active on social media? What do you prefer the most among WhatsApp, Facebook, Instagram and Twitter?

Yes, I am active on WhatsApp and Facebook. I am not active on Instagram and Twitter. I prefer WhatsApp for personalised conversations and Facebook if I have to inform something to many people.

What is your favourite holiday destination?

Favourite holiday destination would be, the hill station, Mussoorie. It wasn't very crowded when I went there and it was calm and peaceful.

Batch of 2014

in

GAME OF THRONES™

ANSWER KEY

PIC 1: SUHANI, PAAVAS, SUNAYANA PEDDI, SHAMBHAVI GOGIA, SHAIQA NOOREEN, RACHANA

PIC 2: ANANJANA B KRISHNAN, SRISHTY GOYAL, SRISHTI MANTRI, PRATISH AGGARWAL,ARUNDHATEE BANERJEE ,SOMYA GOEL,AMRITHA S,KAMAKSHI RAINA,PRASEEDA R MENON

PIC 3: SARTHAK KHATRI, KRISH CHOPRA, ANN THOMAS KOILPARAMPIL, SHOURYA JOSHI, SANJNA YADAV, ASHUTOSH JAISWAL

PIC 4: PARAS MALIK, NIKHIL KUMAR, AASADUR RAHAMAN MIDDAY, DIVYA BATRA, DIGVIJAY SINGH RATHORE

PIC 5: ASHMITA DEB, PRAGYA GUPTA, SERIAL NUMBER 41, TANYA ANSHU, MINU JOHN, ANNAPOORNA P, TANVI BAKSHI,SOUVIK CHATERJEE , NIHARIKA PRASAD, SAGNIK BHATTACHARYA ,SREEDATREE BANERJEE, DEBOTRI BASU,SERIAL NUMBER 39,KIRAN SUSAN GEORGE

PIC 6: DESHPANDE MOHITA SANDEEP, LEKSHMI S NAIR, RUPSA RANI SAHU, SHIVANI SETH, AVI PAHWA, SUNANDA NATH, TANKALA PRERANA, RASHI BHASIN, ANANYA MISHRA, ABHINAV MITRA

PIC 7: SINGH KUNAL RAJIV, SHREYANSH JAIN, JAIVRAT GUPTA, BIDUSHI GANGULI, G LALITYA

PIC 8: SRISHTI ROY, RAJ PRIYA KUMARI, SUNAYANA BHATNAGAR, ANAHITA DEO, TANYA KOHLI

PIC 9: 4, ACHSAH ANN, 40, 16

PIC 10: L-R : NIHAAL, 99, ANUSHTHA, ANUSHREE, ISHA

Kaleidoscope

The Art & Craft section Kaleidoscope showcases a variegated collection of innovative and creative expressions from our student canvas

Kriti Kaushik
Batch of 2018

Siddharth Maitra
Batch of 2014

Kriti Goyal
Batch of 2015

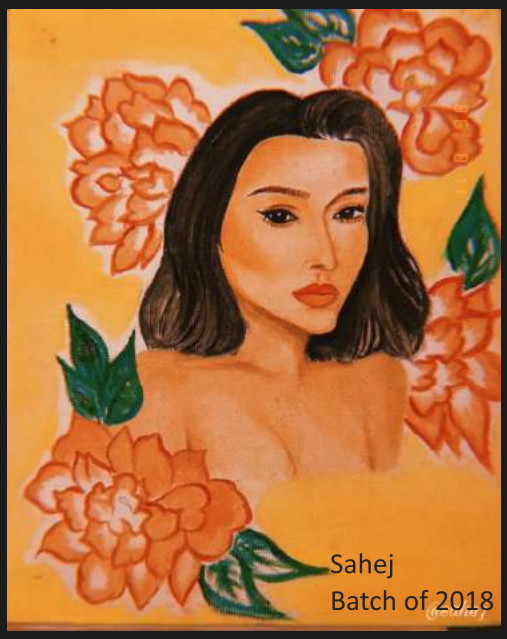
Parthivee
Batch of 2017

Shruthi R
Batch of 2018

Saumya
Batch of 2017

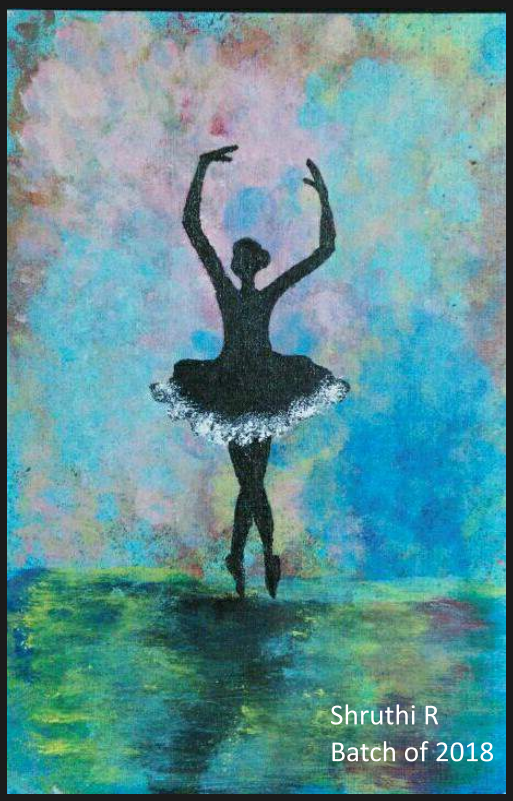
Sadheeka Suri
Batch of 2016

Nanditha Sarpangala
Batch of 2018


Sahej
Batch of 2018

Aradhya
Batch of 2017

Aindrila Pal
Batch of 2017


Shruthi R
Batch of 2018

Simran Agarwalla
Batch of 2017
REDMI NOTE 5 PRO
MI DUAL CAMERA

Amrita
Batch of 2016

Kriti Kaushik
Batch of 2018

Parthivee
Batch of 2017

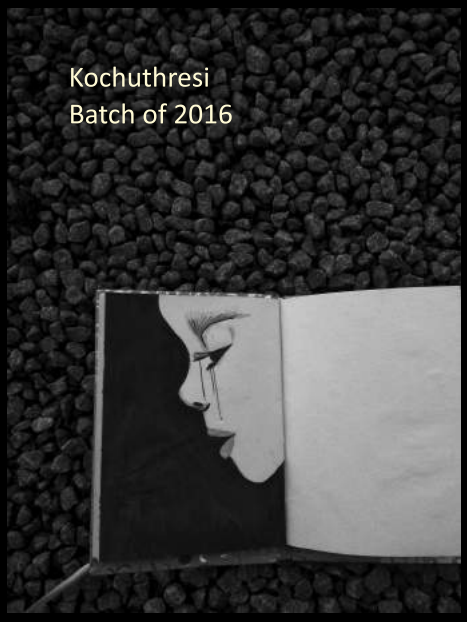
Parthivee
Batch of 2017

Gayatri Palkar
Batch of 2016

Prathvi Kamath
Batch of 2018

Debapriya
Batch of 2016

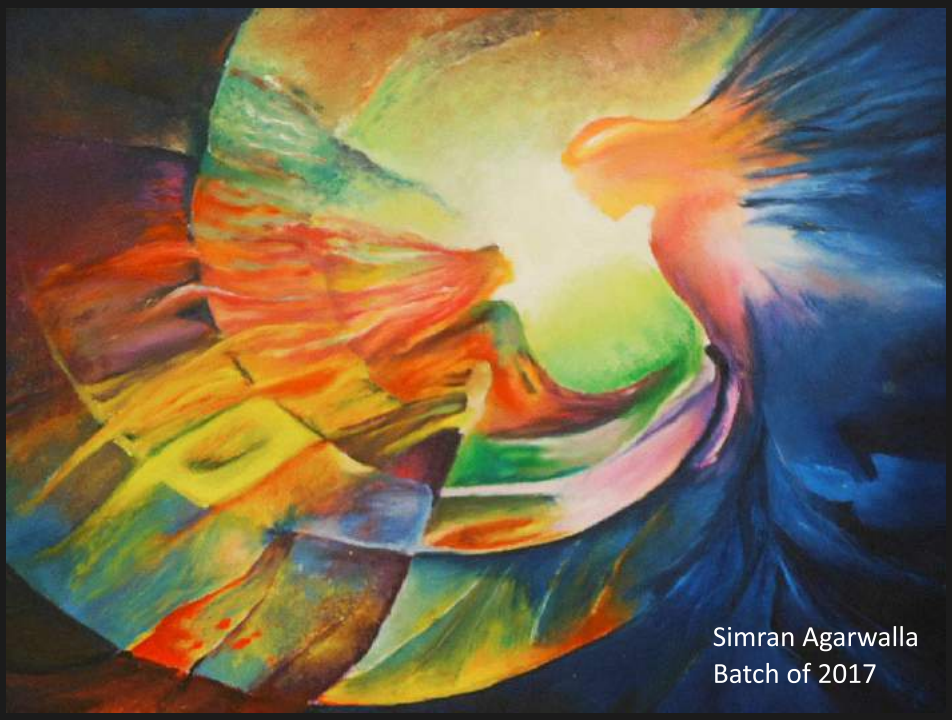
Manasa
Batch of 2016



Kochuthresi
Batch of 2016

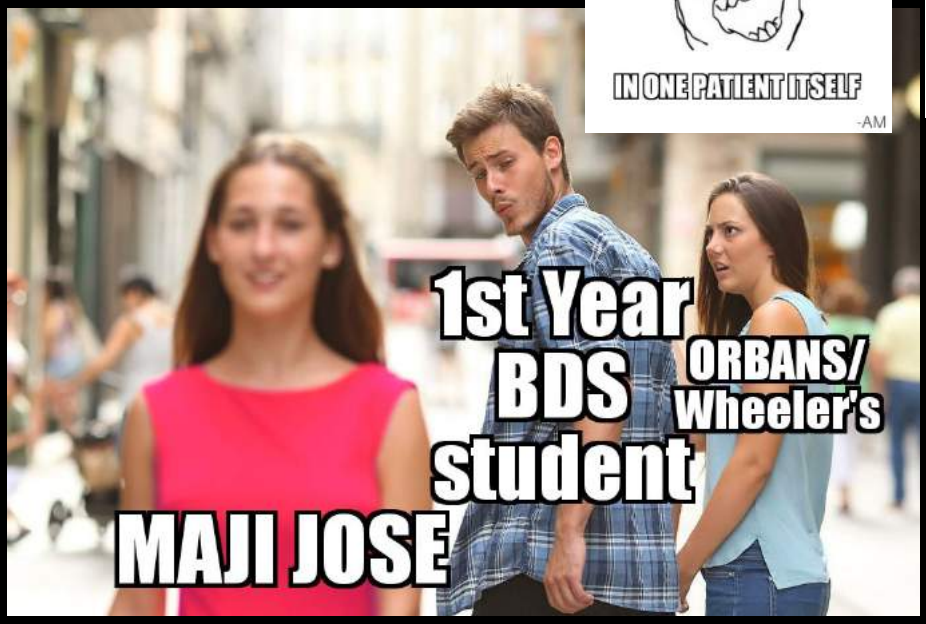
Aradhya
Batch of 2017

Siddharth Maitra
Batch of 2014



Simran Agarwalla
Batch of 2017

Just for laughs



Rekha Dhami
Batch of 2017

Martoni Dutta
Batch of 2017

F·R·I·E·N·D·S

Akshara Modak

I was blessed to have an exceptional team supporting our endeavour and as luck would have it, they each came with their superhuman magical specialty

Kumar Yash

is one who will never refuse to help you out when you are in need. He is a technical expert and taught us how to work with software which was intrinsic to magazine production. His positivity was infectious and he would motivate the whole team to keep going and never quit.

Parthivee Sharma

She comes with her unique brand of enthusiasm and conjures up amazing ideas. She is an absolute team player and willing to undertake any task with a smile for the sake of the magazine. To add icing to the cake, she proved to be a Photoshop master and readily worked extra hard sharing her time and expertise to produce amazingly outstanding results.

Poulomi Guha

She is the go-to person when something has to be completed urgently. She is very efficient and proactive.

She will always finish the work assigned to her and will never miss a deadline. She was intuitive and self motivated and sometimes even finished the task at hand even before receiving a full explanation.

Dheekshitha Arunachalam

She is an exceedingly competent writer and a very sincere person. Even though she was new to the college she impressed everyone with her suggestions.

Aditi Sinha

She dabbles in standup comedy and has a refreshing view on many subjects. Moreover she is an accomplished writer. It was good to have such a talented person aboard.

Aradhya Sinha

She was the team perfectionist. She is very artistic and skillful. She remained true to her brief and always asked compelling and useful questions to ensure she was on the right track and doing her job correctly. She is a purist or idealist in that sense.

Siddharth Maitra

He had an artistic temperament. He came up with original and inventive ideas. His contributions were vital to the final look and feel of the magazine.

Sreya Dutta

She is blessed with a practised eye and the discerning mind of a magazine editor. She can filter out all the unwanted ideas and cull something akin to a gem. She always gives you her honest opinion and never settles for mediocrity or something that isn't up to the mark. So you can imagine what a valuable asset she was to our Ed board

Srishty Pundir

She was highly innovative and creative. She also had a keen literary sense and her inputs were instrumental in the final outcome

The Editorial Board

MCODS, Mangalore

Batch of 2018

Batch of 2017

Batch of 2016

Batch of 2015

Batch of 2014

Batch of PGs

The Editorial Board

with
Staff Editor
Dr. Ravikiran Ongole

Acknowledgement

The amazing journey of publishing this magazine from its conceptual stage right upto its thrilling culmination was indeed a Herculean task. However, it would have been impossible to do so without the solid support and generous assistance of so many individuals along the way. I would like to acknowledge the prominent roles played by them.

Since “Printing” was the spectre I was most afraid to surmount, I would firstly like to thank Nagesh Sir and Print Media for their expertise and for designing the entire magazine with painstaking patience.

I would like to thank my council members for their strong support at all times. Special thanks to the editorial board for being such an excellent and exceptional team.

Magazine cover credits go to Shruthi Naarayani R. and Kriti Kaushik from Batch of 2018.

I extend my gratitude to the Dean, Dr. Dilip G Naik, Associate Deans Dr. Premalatha and Dr. Ashita, all the staff members and HODs for their cooperation, motivation and words of advice.

I am highly indebted to our Staff Editor Dr. Ravikiran Ongole for his mentorship and constant supervision as well as for providing me with all the requisite information for charting out the magazine.

I would specially like to thank our cultural coordinator Dr. Mithun Pai for his invaluable support and guidance.

I would like to thank my parents for their blessings and my sister for her words of encouragement.

And last but not the least, dear readers, this magazine is for you. We felt your support and would like to express our heartfelt thanks to you.